

The Sketch

No. 1013.—Vol. LXXVIII.

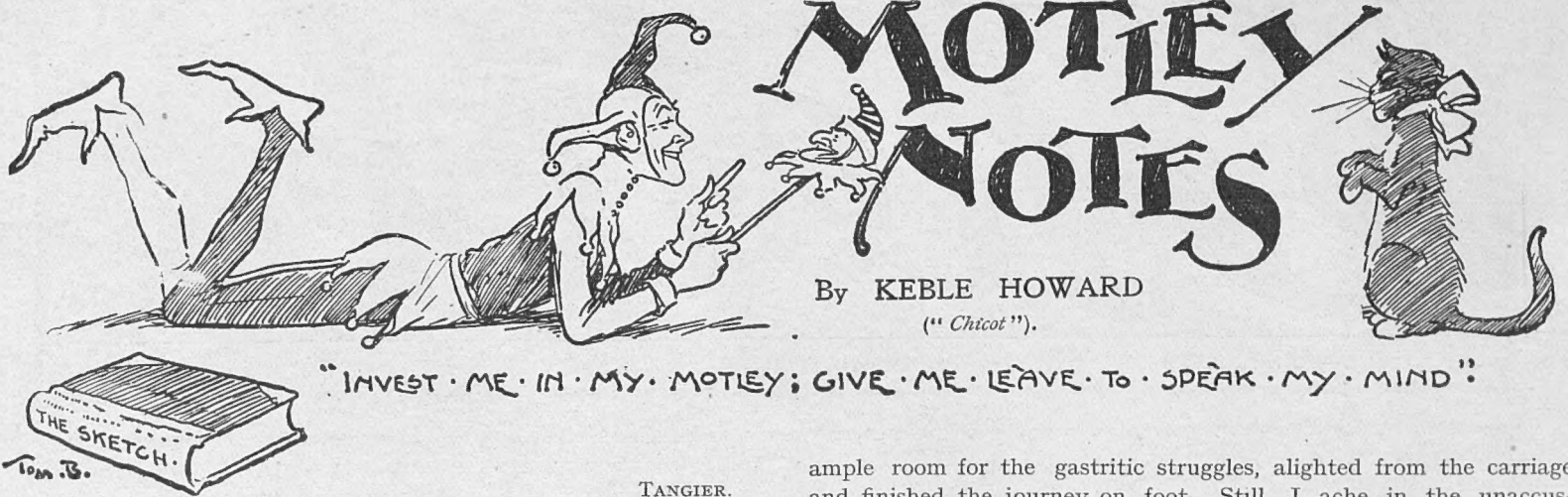
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1912.

SIXPENCE.



BRIDE OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY'S HEIR: MISS DAPHNE MULHOLLAND, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO LORD CLIFTON OF RATHMORE WAS FIXED FOR THE 25TH.

Miss Daphne Mulholland, who is one of the beauties of the season, is a daughter of the Hon. Alfred Mulholland, of Worlingham Hall, Beccles, who is a brother of Lord Dunleath. Mrs. Alfred Mulholland is a daughter of Mr. Llewellyn Saunderson and the late Lady Rachel Saunderson. Through her mother Miss Mulholland is a great-granddaughter of the third Lord Clonmell. Lord Clifton, who was born in 1886, is the elder son of Lord and Lady Darnley. His father was well known for many years in the world of cricket as the Hon. Ivo Bligh.—[*Photograph by Lallie Charles.*]



TO EDITOR, *SKETCH*, LONDON.

(From Our Special Commissioner.)

I have the honour, Sir, to continue my report with reference to Gibraltar and the ports adjacent.

I ventured to state, last week, that Lisbon was ripe for another revolution. I based my assertion upon the following facts that came under my personal observation—

- (1) No trams were running, owing to a general strike of drivers and conductors.
- (2) Dissatisfaction with the present Administration was openly expressed by every tongue and on every face.
- (3) The work of the city was at a standstill.
- (4) Late at night, firing was heard from our position in the harbour. The flippant attributed these reports to fireworks, but the older and wiser shook gravely their heads.
- (5) My guide, though frankly non-Royalist, shrugged his shoulders at the present Administration.
- (6) The cafés were filled to the gutter at the hour of noon. This is admittedly a sinister sign.
- (7) The quays were deserted save by vendors of fruit and picture-postcards. This is not as it should be.
- (8) All the passengers on the ship were convinced that another revolution is imminent.

GENERAL REPORT ON LISBON.

With regard to Lisbon generally, I have to report that the city is not so clean as it might be. The streets have an unkempt appearance, and the statue of Liberty is in a bad way. In my opinion, the traces of the bullets fired by the rebels should be removed from the statue, and the ornamental lamps shattered during the same outburst of patriotism be replaced.

I venture to record my sympathy with the manager of the hotel whose premises were used as a gauge for range-finding, and also with the gentleman whose bedroom happened to be directly in the line of fire. There are other ways of finding range, but these, presumably, were not known to the rebels. One is sorry.

The railway station is in good repair. There is an excellent lift, which conveys tired passengers to and from the platforms. This idea is worthy to be imitated in other European cities, including London. Your Tubes should not have it all their own way.

There are the usual number of Picture Palaces in Lisbon.

For reasons that I have mentioned, I cannot recommend Lisbon as a health resort. The city should, however, be visited, if only as a jumping-off place for the Castello da Pena, to which I shall now refer at some length. I visited this home of the exiled King, situated ten miles from Lisbon, at considerable expense but without regret. It is a place in one thousand.

CASTELLO DA PENA.

There are two ways of arriving at the Castello da Pena, which is situated so far above the level of the sea that I dare not mention the altitude in mere thousands of feet. The first way is to walk up; the second way is to ride up. I gave the preference to the latter way, and chartered a carriage for the purpose. Unfortunately, a gentleman of my party, having trusted too implicitly to the wine of the country before leaving the hotel at the base, was taken very ill far from the summit, and I, in order to afford him

ample room for the gastritic struggles, alighted from the carriage and finished the journey on foot. Still, I ache in the unaccustomed muscles.

It made me very sad to walk through the rooms of this Castle. Here was the intimate home of the exiled King, with every trace of recent occupation. The papers, even, that were constantly perused by the King and his royal mother are still upon the tables in the library. I observed, with chastened pleasure, a copy of this journal and a copy of the *Illustrated London News*.

A very old man hovered about us as we walked through the rooms. On inquiry, I discovered that he had been in the service of the exiled family for many years. Imagine his feelings as the ordinary visitor tramps the floor and fingers the furniture! (By the "ordinary visitor" I do not mean Mr. Zangwill, the famous writer, whom I met leaving the Castle.)

CAPE ST. VINCENT.

I have to report, Sir, that Cape St. Vincent is still in place, and that there is sufficient water in the immediate vicinity to allow of ships passing within range of the camera. I obtained an excellent snapshot of the Cape myself, which I am bringing home with me for your inspection.

Soon after leaving Cape St. Vincent, whales were sighted by certain members of our party. When I say that whales were sighted, I mean that the keen-eyed noticed a little spray some miles from the ship which, they said, was caused by the breathings of a whale. I pointed out that whales "spouted" in all good geographical works popular during my childhood, but they laughed to scorn these treatises, and assured me that the spray in question was caused by young whales. I thereupon yielded the point, laying some emphasis, none the less, on the word "young."

TANGIER.

Tangier, the city from which I date this letter, is the largest city in Morocco. I landed there, and shall endeavour to convey to you my impressions.

Tangier is a city of narrow streets—so narrow that my donkey and I filled several of them as we passed. The Tangierites were not at all annoyed by our intrusion, merely stepping into doorways to save themselves from death by crushing.

The people of Tangier, Sir, live by selling things, but to whom they sell, unless to one another, is a mystery. I bought a little leather bag, but the price I paid for it could not possibly keep the place going until my next visit. Mr. Winston Churchill, another recent visitor, may have spent more money in the town. I shall be glad to have his opinion on the future of Tangier as an industrial centre. I also look forward to seeing a picture of the right honourable gentleman on a Tangier donkey. If he had the same one that carried your representative, he was lucky. The dear little creature carried me down a long flight of stone steps without missing more than one step in three. Other members of my party were not so lucky.

ALGECIRAS.

I had not intended to visit Algeciras, but was persuaded to do so in order to witness the last bull-fight of the season.

Algeciras is a queer place in the South of Spain.

Algeciras contains the most beautiful hotel I have ever seen in my life. The town that lies under the walls of this hotel is squalid in the extreme.

I do not like bull-fights. I had never seen one before, and I never wish to see one again. The bull has more fun than the spectators. The martyred horses are the only heroes in the arena.

OLYMPIANS AND THEIR STEEDS: FIGURES AT THE HORSE SHOW.



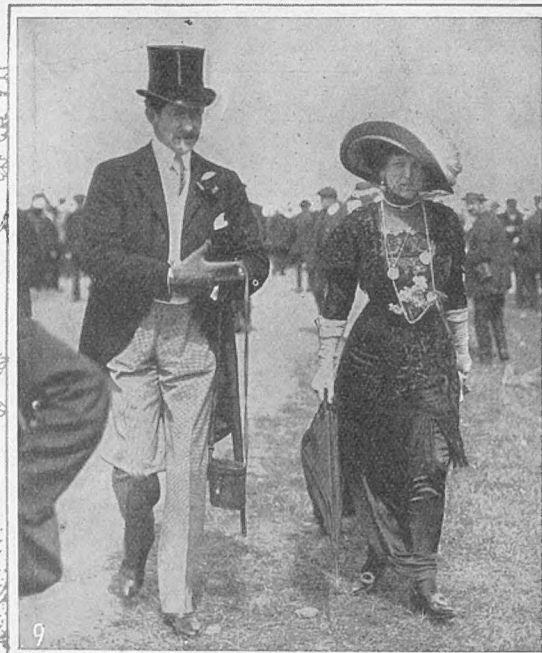
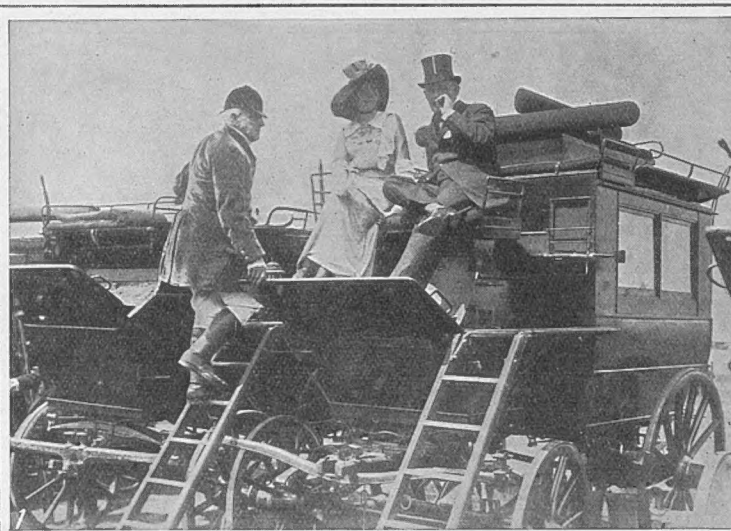
1. A YOUNG WINNER: MASTER HARRY BONNER ON PRINCESS.
2. WELL-KNOWN HORSEWOMEN EXERCISING: MRS. CHAPMAN AND MISS HELEN PREECE.
3. A COMPETITOR FOR THE FRENCH CUP: THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.
4. ONE OF THE SMALLEST PONIES AT THE SHOW: TINY.
5. A TINY PRESENT FOR A TINY PRINCESS: TINY IN A TINY TURN-OUT.

6. ONE OF TINY'S TRICKS: TAKING SUGAR FROM A GROOM'S MOUTH.
7. BOUGHT FOR PRINCESS JULIANA OF HOLLAND: TINY SHAKING HANDS WITH A LADY FRIEND.
8. THREE YOUNG OLYMPIANS: MISS HELEN PREECE ON GALLION, MISS MONA DUNN ON MAGPIE, AND MASTER JACK PREECE ON SHAMROCK.
9. WINNERS OF THE HYDE CHALLENGE TROPHY: MR. W. A. BARRON'S TEAM OF CHESTNUTS.

We illustrate here some interesting competitors at the International Horse Show at Olympia. The prize for Class 65, a silver cup, for ponies not exceeding 13.2 hands ridden by a boy not more than twelve, was won by Princess, ridden by Master Harry Bonner. The first prize for four-in-hands, with the Hyde Challenge trophy presented by Mr. James Hazen Hyde, was won by Mr. Barron, of the Hampton Court Coach, with his team of chestnuts. The pony called Tiny, a pedigree animal thirty inches high and five years old, has been bought from Mr. Mark Dennis by a Dutch General, and is to be presented to little Princess Juliana. Tiny has collected money for Our Dumb Friends' League.

Photographs by G.P.U., L.N.A., Sport and General, Illustrations Bureau, and Newspaper Illustrations.

BEAUTY, RANK, AND FASHION ON THE ROYAL HEATH

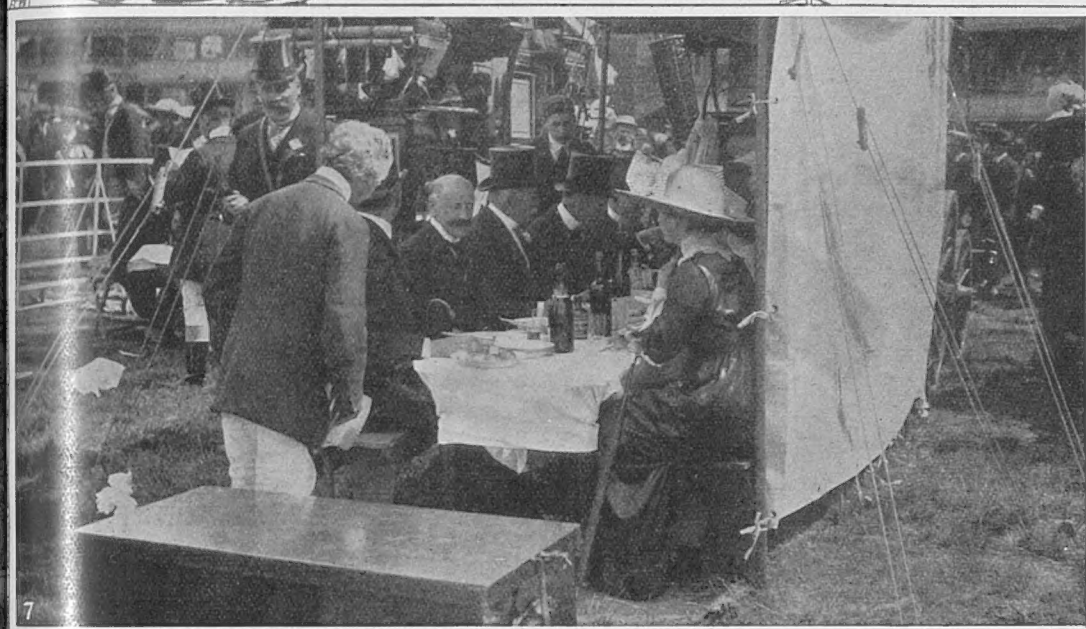


1. ON SIR WALTER GILBEY'S COACH: MR. R. BARROW AND MISS ROUTLEDGE, ATTENDED BY JACK WESTRUP, THE OLD HUNTSMAN.
5. A SCOTTISH BARONET: SIR JOHN GLADSTONE, OF FASQUE, FETTERCAIRN, N.B., AND GLENDYNE LODGE, BANCHORY, N.B.
9. AN EARL WHO HAS BEEN A SOLDIER, WAR-CORRESPONDENT, EDITOR, AND ACTOR: LORD ROSSLYN AT ASCOT.

2. A COACH PARTY: LADY BEATRICE HERBERT AND LORD TWEEDMOUTH (IN A WHITE HAT) ON THE FRONT SEAT.
6. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SERVICES: THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY CLUB'S COACHES AS A GRAND STAND.
10. THE EARL OF PEMBROKE'S HEIR: LORD AND LADY BEATRICE HERBERT, WITH SIR HILL CHILDS.

All Society was gathered at Ascot last week, and the fine weather made the scene more than usually brilliant. As regards some of those whose portraits we give on these pages—Lord Desborough and his daughter, the Hon. Monica Grenfell, who motored over from Taplow Court, were among the guests invited by the King to the Royal Pavilion on the second (Royal Hunt Cup) day. Lady Desborough was there on the opening day. Their Majesties were present in semi-state on the first and third days, Tuesday and Thursday. The King was there alone on Wednesday and again on Friday.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF A PARTICULARLY BRILLIANT ASCOT.



- 3. SEEN IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE: LADY DE TRAFFORD AND MISS VIOLET DE TRAFFORD, WITH CAPTAIN BANBURY.
- 7. AN IMPORTANT ITEM ON THE PROGRAMME: LUNCH—SIR EDWARD STERN'S PARTY.
- 11. ROYAL GUESTS: LORD AND LADY DESBOROUGH AND THE HON. MONICA GRENFELL.

- 4. SOME OF LORD BARRYMORE'S GUESTS AT ASCOT: VISCOUNT LASCELLES (IN THE CENTRE) AND THE HON. VICTORIA SACKVILLE WEST (ON THE RIGHT).
- 8. IN A CHARMING CONFECTION: MRS. PAT DE BATHE.
- 12. GRANDFATHER AND GRANDDAUGHTER: THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND LADY AMY GORDON-LENNOX.

This year's Ascot will certainly be a memorable one. Especially on the two days on which their Majesties drove to the course in "Ascot state," the dazzling display of beauty, rank, and fashion in the throng in and around the Royal Enclosure was noteworthy even in the annals of this historic event of the season. As a social function, it is interesting to recall, Ascot was established some two hundred years ago by Queen Anne, and it continues to increase in glory every year.—[Photographs by Sport and General, Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, and G.P.U.]

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LETTERS TO "THE SKETCH": SPECIAL NOTICE.

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intimately concerned with the affairs of his paper unless a stamped and
addressed envelope is enclosed. In the same way, a stamped and addressed
envelope must accompany any contribution sent for the Editor's consideration.



"FORTY YEARS ON" AND FORTY YEARS AGO: HARROW MEMORIES.

Harrow Reminiscences.

The King's reference, during his visit to Harrow, to the tercentenary of that school in 1871 brings back to my mind all the rejoicings of that historic occasion. There was a great lunch in the school-yard for all the distinguished people who came down to the school, and Lord George Hamilton, who was Mr. Labouchere's opponent for the honour of representing the division, made a speech. We small boys, a hundred or so strong, drawn from the choirs of the different houses, were seated on a staging with our backs to the high brick wall, and sang, amongst other songs, the then lately composed "Voice of the Bell," a song in which the real school bell joined with most unmusical clangour. We who sang wondered whether old Custos, who was responsible for the ringing, would ever manage to hit off the right moment to pull the rope; but he did.

Mr. Bowen. The Harrow songs in the year of the tercentenary had not yet become the great pride of Harrow, as they are now. "Forty Years On" was not written until the next year, and "Forty Years On" really showed Mr. Bowen and Mr. John Farmer at their very finest. Mr. Bowen was a wonderful power in the school life. He stood for everything that was fine and manly in the eyes of the boys, and he established amongst those who came under his influence a code of honour which was as fine as that held by knights in the days of chivalry. If he had not been a great power as a master in a great school he might have been a splendid soldier, for later in life I recognised in some great and self-sacrificing soldiers whom I came to know—in Colonel Durnford and Chinese Gordon—the same great qualities that Mr. Bowen had: the devotion to duty himself and the power to inspire others with a like devotion. There was a vein of humour and the brain of a poet under his sternness.

John Farmer.

Jolly old John Farmer, with his round, red face and big spectacles, and hair that he ruffled up with both hands when excited, was an absolute contrast to Mr. Bowen. He was a merry soul, a devoted believer in Wagner, but, in spite of that devotion, the composer of merry jingles which at once caught the ear. During the time of the Franco-German war we boys very maliciously used to harrow up his Pro-German feelings by singing nonsense lines in the translations of the German War songs, and he always ended by laughing at our nonsense, while we always ended by singing the songs as he wished us to sing them. If the spirits of Bowen and Farmer knew what passed on the day that King George went to Harrow they would feel that their work was still a great stimulating thing in the life of Harrow.

Custos.

The present Custos was presented to the King when he visited the Fourth Form room—the old panelled room in which the names of all the great Harrovians were cut by them, amidst those of less distinguished boys. I have not

made the acquaintance of the present Custos, but I cannot believe that he equals in weighty dignity the fine, florid Custos of my days. Custos then had—as, no doubt, the Custos of to-day has—a little dwelling of his own underneath the Fourth Form room where he kept bats and racquets and balls of all kinds for sale. Cricket was played in the school yard, wickets being painted up on the wall, and the balls used were something like racquet-balls of the size of an ordinary cricket-ball. Custos sold these balls, but they were also sold by tradesmen in the town, and their prices were lower than those of the school official. If Custos happened to cross the school yard and field a ball which was not one of his, instead of returning it to the bowler he would jerk it down the hill towards the covered racquet-courts, and the bowler who had preferred cheapness to official loyalty had either to lose his ball or run down many steps to recover it.

CARRYING HER MEANS OF AQUATIC LOCOMOTION ON HER BACK: A GERMAN WATER-SKATER.



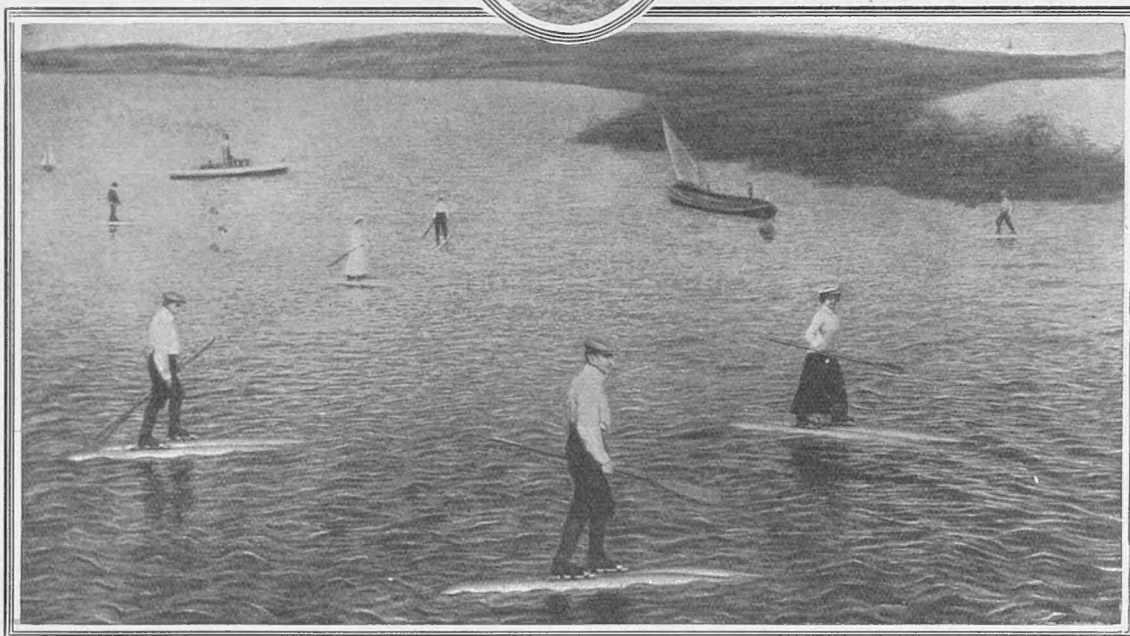
Cricket in the Yard.

This cricket in the yard is a very old Harrow institution, and no doubt is useful in promoting quickness of eye, for whoever was the boy in front of the wickets, he was open to be bowled to by all comers, and there were sometimes a dozen bowlers devoting their attention to him one after another. And the balls got up very quickly off the asphalt! Sometimes old boys, heroes of Lord's, returned to the scene of their past glories, and stood up in the school yard to face all the bowlers of the school. I well remember what a glorious fellow I thought

Charlie Buller when, as a Guardsman, and looking as splendid as one of Ouida's heroes, he paid a visit to his old school and sent the balls flying almost up to the church when he batted in the school yard.

The Officers' Training Corps.

The lads of the Harrow Officers' Training Corps, who were turned out very smartly and who presented arms to the King, are the successors of the Volunteer Corps of Harrow, who, in my days, generally gained the Ashburton Shield in the Inter-School competi-



LIKE AQUATIC SKI-RUNNING: WATER-SKATERS AT GROSSWUSTERWITZ.

Many attempts have been made to invent a means of running on water, but most of these inventions failed through being too heavy and cumbersome. This difficulty has been overcome, however, by a firm known as "German Water-Running on Shoes," of Grosswusterwitz, Germany. Their shoes, which enable the wearer to glide gently over the water, are light, much smaller than usual, and easily portable when packed. They are about the size of snow-shoes, and are very pointed at the ends, which are made of rubber and covered with waterproof. Before use air is blown into them. On the sole is a kind of folding raft, used in the forward movements. A small paddle is carried for steering purposes.—[Photographs by Petzold.]

tion at Wimbledon. There was a spasm of recruiting for the Corps in the early seventies, and every boy encouraged his neighbour to wear a grey uniform, and to go down to the ranges with Mr. Bull to become an efficient shot. The greatest impetus was given to this recruiting by the fact that if the Corps was raised to a certain specified number it could be commanded by an officer riding a real charger. The glory of being commanded by a man on a horse was looked upon as a great incentive to become a volunteer. The band in those days was apt to be a little irregular in its playing, especially when marching up hill, but the big drum always came to the rescue. There was an occasion when the steep bit up to the school yard was too much for the brass instruments, the sounds of which seemed to die away in unmusical wails, but the big drummer saved the situation, for he twirled his sticks and sent out such a roll from his drum that the small boys standing by the railings gave him quite an ovation.



THE future of Stafford House is still tossed in advance by rumour from one hand to another. The idea that it may in time pass from its present holder to be the town house of the Prince of Wales seems to be generally accepted—among people who love foretellings. Meantime, Dorchester House comes in for its own quantum of rumour. Sir George Holford's engagement is so big a thing in the social world that it evokes a picture of a big house somewhere in the background. Sir George Holford, of Dorchester House, in Park Lane, is a description which Sir George has never entirely relinquished. He may go and live elsewhere in London, but his address remains the same, for all save practical purposes. Dorchester House was too big for a bachelor, and perhaps, indeed, is too big for any Ambassador save Mr. Whitelaw Reid. But it is not really too big for Colonel Holford and Mrs. Menzies. Since the letting of Mr. Beit's neighbouring palace, Park Lane has no great hiatus in house-occupation; and the deserted Drexel mansion in Grosvenor Square is now the only sure lure for the still homeless multi-millionaire.

Fish in Excelsis. Sir Edward Busk, as Prime Warden at the latest of the dinners given by the Fishmongers' Company, had a gravely gracious "You are very welcome" for each incoming guest. No one thereafter might feel a fish out of water. Moreover, the Prime Warden's handling of the loving-cup, the use of which vast vessel he had first to demonstrate to the assembly, was admirable; so also was his speech. He could not fail to relish his task, for a Fishmongers' dinner is one of the most pleasant and princely functions of the civic year. Never does meat seem more of a superfluity than after three dainty dishes of fishes. The Watermen in ancient livery—who line the halls and stairway, and whose countenances are so different from those of the flunkies of the West—the inevitable turtle, the happy face and resplendently bemedalled breast of Sir Evelyn Wood across the table, the various



LOVE ON WINGS: MISS LINDA MORRITT AND MR. WILLIAM BARNARD RHODES MOORHOUSE, THE WELL-KNOWN AVIATOR, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 25.

This June is not only the month for Mr. Grahame White's wedding, but also for that of Mr. Moorhouse with Miss Linda Morrill, youngest daughter of the late Robert Ambrose Morrill, of Rokeby, Yorkshire.

Photographs by Topical and Val l'Estrange.



ENGLAND'S LEADING AVIATOR AND HIS AMERICAN BRIDE TO BE: MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE AND MISS DOROTHY TAYLOR, TO BE MARRIED ON JUNE 27. On June 27 the parish church of Widdford, in Essex, is to be the scene of a wedding that may be well called historical, for on that date Mr. Claude Grahame-White, who has done so much for English aviation, is to be wedded to a charming girl whom he met while on the Atlantic. Miss Taylor has already braved the treacherous element as a passenger in her fiancé's aeroplane.

Photograph by Fred Spalding and Son.

unexpected tricks of service, including a clean serviette at the end of the meal, all contributed the other evening to an entertainment as courtly as it was curious. The clean napkin, of course, is to wipe the lip, not of man, but of the loving-cup, before it leaves one on its way to a neighbour.

Sir Rufus. Sir Rufus Isaacs, the Benjamin of

the Cabinet, belongs to a versatile family. One sister is Mrs. Albert Keyser, whose pen and personality are famous in the art world of Paris. Another is Mrs. Alfred Sutro, who always says the wittiest things about her husband's plays on first-nights, and also paints with distinction. The connection between the Stage and the Bar is so close that Sir Rufus's interests and Mr. Alfred Sutro's often interweave. They meet on common ground at the Garrick Club, to which both belong. And if the modern playwright, like the modern actor, goes to the Courts to learn of real life, Sir Rufus knows that his understanding of character, of ideals, and of the things that just escape the eye of the man who is almost wholly a man of affairs, is stimulated by an understanding of the art of the Theatre. Meanwhile, congratulations by the hundred have been pouring in on his Cabinet promotion.

Life and Literature.

Lady Lovat, who lent more than a hand at the Surrey House ball for her younger sister, has been seen at a dozen-and-one important functions during the last few days; among them a dinner, honoured by Prince Arthur of Connaught and other royalty, at the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador's. Everywhere she has been congratulated on the good news of her husband's restoration to health. Perhaps, too, she has been a little bit quizzed concerning Mr. Arthur Symonds' poem "To Lady Lovat," "... who is so wild, and lovely and adorable," in the *English Review*. Not that anyone disputes two of the adjectives.



TO BE MARRIED, TO-DAY (JUNE 26) AT THE BROMPTON ORATORY: MR. J. H. NEVILL AND MISS KATHARINE DICK-CUNYNGHAM.

Miss Katharine Dick-Cunyngham is the eldest daughter of Mr. Alexander Dick-Cunyngham, of 15, Eccleston Square. She is marrying, on June 26, Mr. John H. Gaythorne Nevill, son of the late Mr. Harry W. M. Nevill, of The Pines, Mettingham.

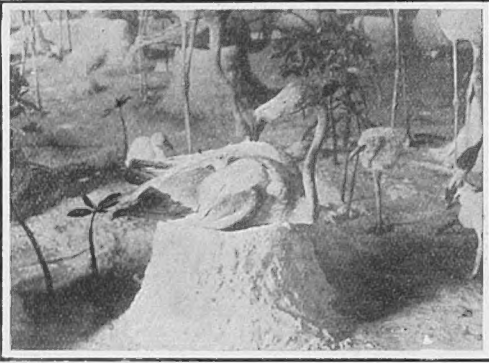
Photographs by Val l'Estrange and Beresford.

"UNE ENTENTE TRÈS CORDIALE": VISCOUNT DUNCANNON AND MLE. DE NEUFELIZE, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS FIXED FOR JUNE 25.

An alliance between two aristocratic families of two friendly nations was arranged for June 25, between Lord Duncannon, the eldest son of the Earl of Bessborough, and Mlle. Roberte de Neufelize, the only daughter of the Baron de Neufelize, of Paris.

Photographs by Debenhams, Longman and Co.; and Nadar.

PEOPLE WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO: AND A FLAMINGO.



THE FLAMINGO—FOR CAUSING A LIBEL ACTION AND FOR THE FACT THAT ITS NESTING HABITS DID NOT INTEREST MR. JUSTICE DARLING.



T'ANG SHAO YI—FOR CLEARING OUT WHEN BORED WITH BEING PRIME MINISTER.



E. J. SMITH—FOR BEING ENGLAND'S WICKET-KEEPER AND AT THE SAME TIME A CENTURY-MAKER.

Photograph by Sport and General.



Photo. Keturah Collings.

THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET—FOR HER REFUSAL TO LICK STAMPS.



Photo. C.N.

MISS MONA DUNN—FOR HER PLUCK IN INSISTING ON TAKING THE JUMPS AT OLYMPIA.



M. MAGNAN—FOR CAUSING DUCKS TO LAY PINK EGGS.

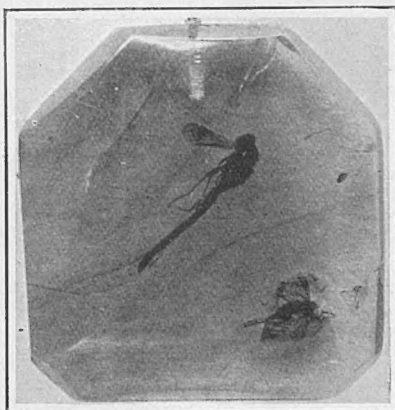


MR. CHARLES CARTER—FOR BEING AN ENGLISHMAN, AND YET BEING ELECTED MAYOR OF A FRENCH TOWN.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MISS E. M. STEUART—FOR BEING THE ONLY GIRL WHO HAS EVER TAKEN A FIRST IN SECTION "A" OF THE CLASSICAL "TRIP"—PART II.



THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT WHO SENT SO APPROPRIATE A PRESENT TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE AS A FLY IN AMBER.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



MME. SORGUE, THE FRENCH SOCIALIST—FOR BEING A HUNGER MARCHER WITHOUT OVERDOING THE STARVING APPEARANCE.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Mr. Charles Carter, the agricultural labourer recently elected Mayor of Mouffy, Vonne, is the son of an English bookmaker. His election was a joke, but he refused to resign.—Miss E. M. Stuart, daughter of Mr. J. A. Stuart, the novelist, has just taken a First Class in the Second Part of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, having already taken a First in Part I. In Part II. she took Section A, the stiffest, and is the only girl who has ever got a First in it.—A few days ago a rare specimen of a fly in amber was sent to Mr. Lloyd George by a Russian merchant, in appreciation of a passage in the Chancellor's Budget Speech. For our part, it makes us think rather of the Insurance Act.—Mme. Sorgue, a French Socialist, recently led a hunger march of London strikers from the East End to Tower Hill.—The Duchess of Somerset lately wrote: "I will refuse to have anything to do with stamps or cards."—Little Miss Mona Dunn, the nine-year-old competitor in the Horse Show, pluckily insisted on taking the jumps, in spite of her parents' misgivings.—At the Academy of Science in Paris the other day were described some interesting experiments by M. A. Magnan in the egg-laying of ducks. Some were fed from birth on flesh food, others on fish, others on vegetables. The eggs of the flesh-eaters were green, of the flesh-eaters white, and of the vegetarians pink.—The counter libel action by Mr. Abel Chapman, author of "Unexplored Spain," against the editor of the "Saturday Review," turned on a claim to the credit of discovering whether flamingoes sit on their nests with legs straddled out or tucked in. Mr. Justice Darling asked, "What did it matter?"—T'ang Shao Yi, the Chinese Prime Minister, set a good example by going into hiding.—E. J. Smith, the Warwickshire professional chosen to keep wicket for England against Australia, made 134 for Warwickshire against Hants.



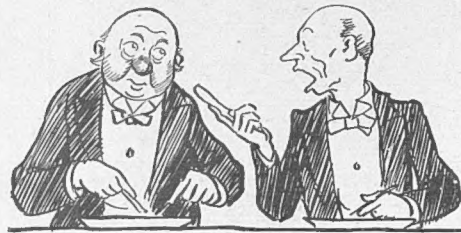
By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

INHABITANTS of the Island of Grain claim to be the rightful purveyors of seaweed for trimming ladies' hats. A lobster-pot, draped with weed and adorned with the new North Sea fish, which has a pointed snout, a forked tail, and an eye which covers the whole side of the head, would make an ideal hat for church-parade on the lawns at Hove.

Esperantists are holding their International Congress at Cracow. It is understood that a motion has been put forward for calling the place Cracjaw for the future.

The two-minutes bride and bridegroom were married in tennis flannels. This was no doubt intended to show that, in spite of their unconventional way of getting married, they intend to play the game.

"Brilliant conversationalists are invariably dyspeptics," says a food expert; pardon me, "a prominent specialist in dietetics." There must surely be a cog dropped somewhere, for the general complaint is that we have no brilliant conversationalists nowadays, although almost everybody can boast of being a dyspeptic.



Readers of the *Paris Femina* have decided that man's besetting sin is egotism. Bachelor man's, of course; the poor married man never gets time to think of himself.

Are you in the habit of jumping off a motor-'bus when it is in motion? If so, a famous specialist reminds you that you may give a shock to the bone of your heel. It is to be hoped that none of you will bring a blush to the cheek of his or her heel-bone by throwing the cart-wheel which is the usual result of getting off a too rapidly moving 'bus.

THE COW CURE.

(The nervous man on his holidays should live among cows. Their peaceful, soothing life really has a quietening effect on the nerves.—*Daily Mirror*.)

I'm not at all a nervous man,
I'm even brave with mice,
But yet I, somehow, never can
Ignore unasked advice.
And so I went a week ago
To spend my holidays,
Where cabbages contented grow,
And cows unruffled graze.



I said, "Inimitable cows,
Philosophy, I find,
Is mirrored in the way you browse,
Yours is the Stoic mind:
Lucullus and Vitellius, too,
You easily surpass,
Most calm and undisturbed Nebu-
chadnezzars of the grass!"

They heard my words
With silent scorn
Devoid of interest,
Till suddenly a crumpled
horn
Impaled my lower
chest.
And now, a prisoner in
bed,
I feebly wonder how
The complimentary things
I said
Could irritate a cow.

Professor Willis L. Moore says that if you move about over a

rough carpet during a north-west wind in the U.S.A. you may store up enough electricity to light a gas-burner merely by holding a finger near it. Somebody else's finger, for choice.



A QUESTION OF FEET.

("Were they big feet like a policeman's?" asked counsel at the Old Bailey. "They were about as big as postmen's feet," answered the witness.)

But lately an awkward agrestic,
With shoulder-of-mutton-like hands,
Now calm, undisturbed, and majestic,
The Bobby complacently stands.
Unmoved as the Rock of Gibraltar
He marshals the world on his beat,
No swelled-head, for nothing can alter
The size of his feet.

In the pride of his leisurely stalking
He beats, in the Mudcrushers' Test,
The Postman, eternally walking
His round without haste, without rest:
The Postman decidedly reckoned,
By the vote of the Man in the Street,
The one unapproachable second
In the size of his feet.

Eighty per cent. of the police force at Ramsgate have begun to learn French. Quite useless. It is a well-known fact that Frenchmen landing in England always pretend not to understand their own language.

A cat at Cilfynydd has saved eight lives, or, including its own, nine, by giving an alarm of fire. A most extravagantly altruistic cat this, thus to use up all its nine lives at one go.

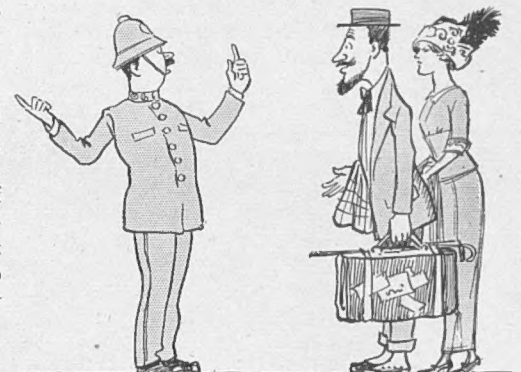
Things we are all dying to know.

London is about to be given information on the successive ismeric changes in camphocarboxamide and camphocarboxypiperidide. This is no doubt the official way of sticking on the servant-tax stamps.

Hooray! The Japanese Censors have discovered that "Magda" contains dangers to Japanese morality. Here's a chance for our sixty Greatest-since-Shakespeare to leave our own couple alone, and scarify the Pooh Bah and Pish Tush of Tokyo.

Over a quarter of a million of the finest men and women in England left these tax-ridden islands last year for the Colonies and the United States. But why be downhearted while we can fill up the East End of London with the worst refuse of the East End of Europe?

A telegram from Paris states that in the event of a war the French miners will advocate a general strike, and the British miners will propose a five-days' week. What do they intend to do on the other two days; fight?



H—LL—FOR—LEATHER: No. I.—MR. C. G. MACARTNEY.

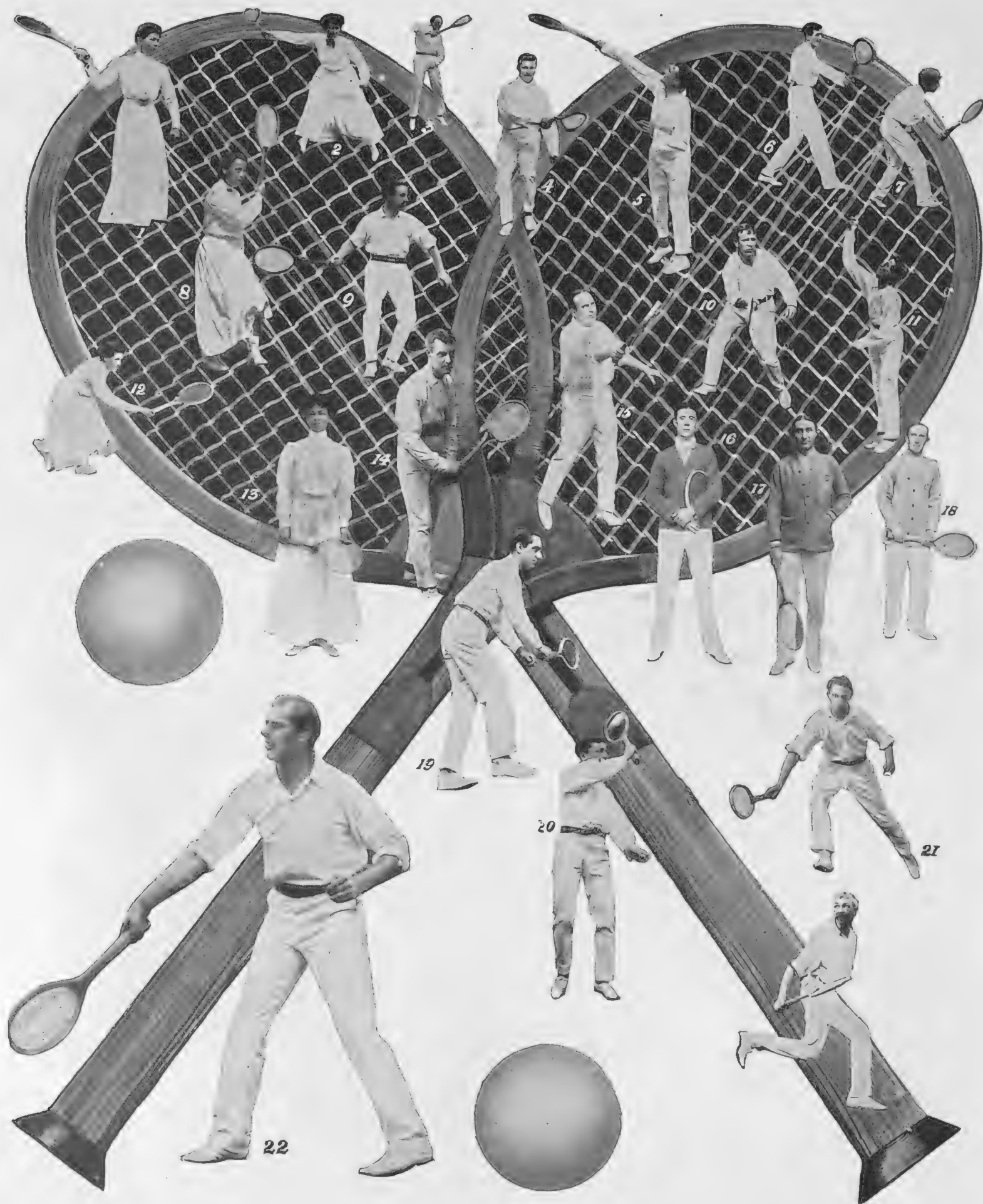


THE AUSTRALIAN CENTURION: MENTAL IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA'S GREAT BATSMAN.

Mr. C. G. Macartney, a member of the Australian team now in this country, was born at West Maitland, Australia, in 1886. When only fifteen, he made 177 for North Sydney. His debut in first-class cricket—for New South Wales against Queensland—was made at Brisbane in 1905. He played against Mr. A. O. Jones' team in Australia in 1907-8, and first visited England three years ago. Mr. Macartney is a fine bat, especially strong on the off, a steady left-hand bowler, and a brilliant field at mid-off. In short, he is one of Australia's best all-round cricketers. In the first Test Match of this season—between Australia and South Africa, at Manchester—he made 21 in Australia's single innings. His biggest score this season has so far been his 208 against Essex on May 14. This month he headed both the batting and bowling averages of the Australian team, with a batting average of 60 and a bowling average of 10.16 (18 wickets for 183 runs).

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF TENNIS: WIMBLEDON WORTHIES.



1. MRS. STERRY.
2. MRS. PARTON.
3. MR. M. J. G. RITCHIE.
4. A GERMAN COMPETITOR: MR. O. FROITZHEIM.
5. MR. F. G. LOWE.
6. MR. A. E. BEAMISH.
7. A BELGIAN PLAYER: MR. P. DE BORMAN.
8. THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND LADY CHAMPION: MRS. LARCOMBE.
9. MR. A. W. GORE.

10. WINNER (WITH MR. A. F. WILDING) OF THE COVERED COURTS DOUBLES CHAMPIONSHIP RECENTLY: MR. S. N. DOUST.
11. MR. A. H. LOWE.
12. MISS R. V. SALUSBURY.
13. MRS. O'NEILL.
14. MR. A. D. PREBBLE.
15. MR. H. ROPER BARRETT.

16. A FRENCH COMPETITOR IN THE DOUBLES: M. G. F. POULIN.
17. A FRENCH PLAYER: M. A. H. GOBERT.
18. A FRENCH PLAYER: M. GERMOT.
19. A FRENCH PLAYER: M. MAX DECUGIS.
20. MR. T. M. MAVROGORDATO.
21. A GERMAN PLAYER: MR. F. W. RAHE.
22. LAST YEAR'S CHAMPION: MR. A. F. WILDING.

It was arranged that the Lawn-Tennis Championship meeting for this year should begin at Wimbledon, on the courts of the All-England Club, on Monday, the 24th. The competitors for the Singles Championship, held by Mr. A. F. Wilding, include three French players—MM. Max Decugis and A. H. Gobert, the present holders of the Doubles Championship, and M. Germot; three Germans—Messrs. O. Froitzheim, F. W. Rahe, and C. Bergmann; one Dane—Mr. E. Larsen; and one Belgian—Mr. P. de Borman. Among the best-known entrants for the Ladies' Championship are Mrs. Larcombe, Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Parton, Mrs. Sterry, and Miss R. V. Salusbury. In the Gentlemen's Doubles, Mr. A. F. Wilding is playing with Mr. S. N. Doust, Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie with Mr. T. M. Mavrogordato, and Mr. H. Roper Barrett with Mr. C. P. Dixon.

Photographs by Sport and General.

MORE THRILLS FOR CRICKET: SPEEDING UP THE NATIONAL GAME.



HOW CRICKET MATCHES MIGHT BE MADE MORE EXCITING: SOME BATEMAN SUGGESTIONS.

Some critics of the national game have been complaining that cricket is too slow and leisurely to amuse the modern crowd, and they point to the dwindling "gates" as compared with those at the big football matches. It is urged, for one thing, that batsmen should be obliged to score quickly, to "get runs or get out," and should not waste time in walking so slowly to and from the wicket. Our Artist offers some novel suggestions for speeding-up the game in the interests of the spectators.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Ascot of five thousand motors, and of ten thousand ostrich-feathers, remains in the mind as a meeting of steel and feathers, of machinery's hubbub and the soft noise of talk—of talk for the most part feminine. And yet there were horses, too. Apart from the racing, horses were important by virtue of the King's retinue. His carriages with their thirty-two occupants were, in a way, fit to set against the multitude of motors. The King's guests, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, Count Albert Mensdorff-Pouilly-Dietrichstein, Lord and Lady Londonderry, Lord and Lady Sefton, and others of social note were satisfied, if for that occasion only, that carriages are incomparably better than cars. And both Lord Rosebery and the Marquis de Soveral have the art of looking, when seated behind royal steeds, as if they had no everyday preference for the employment of more mechanical means of locomotion.

Mr. Butt is inclined to think that the decorations of the Palace Theatre on Gala Monday will exceed in beauty anything hitherto seen in London. Be that as it may, the King and Queen and the royal party will get a very flowery view of the world of music-halls. Like certain cities of his kingdom, which his Majesty has never seen except through a veil of bunting, the "Palace," when it receives him, will present anything but its usual aspect. In all other respects, however, the endeavour has, very wisely, been to give a typical performance. There will be no dreadful ingenuities, such as the miniature railway that ran from the entrance to the royal box at one place of entertainment visited by King Edward VII. It was not a success. The King looked at it a moment, said "I never use

perambulators," and walked.

The phrase "the King's wishes" continues to be somewhat loosely bandied about in connection with the selection of the Palace Theatre performers. As a matter of fact, his Majesty's friends have all along been very loath to hear it suggested that the King has been consulted in the affair at all, except as a matter of form. His wishes are commands, and, if issued in regard to the programme, would virtually make him responsible for it. It may be said at once that neither his Majesty nor his Household decided upon the inclusion of any artist,

or the exclusion of a single name from the final list submitted for approval. The responsibility rests with the Committee. Mr. Harry Lauder and Mme. Yvette Guilbert were both "pals" of King Edward—for half-an-hour. But though he came across other variety performers besides these, the late King would have been the first to admit his inability to draw up a full evening's variety programme; and it may be doubted if he would have entrusted a mere Lord Chamberlain with a task so delicate. Nowadays a whole corps-de-ballet, or a very low comedian, is considered less alarming than were Gaiety girls of the last century. Pavlova not only gives parties, but is the most petted of persons in the drawing-rooms where she dances, or refuses to dance, as a professional.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Smile.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, most of all when in town, is still a politician and emphatic. From his carriage in Hyde Park, when for a moment he draws up to the railing so that he may speak with a pedestrian friend, his voice falls with the same dry ring of certainty as of old. His words are still tersely insistent; and Mrs. Chamberlain still smiles—the public smile of agreement that makes it difficult to know what she really thinks. At Devonshire House, when she heard the voice of the Suffragette raised in disagreement, she smiled again—but not in approbation, if Lady Dorothy Nevill's old story of her friend's opinions still holds good. "Mrs. Chamberlain," says Lady Dorothy, "is much too wise and good to be given to any such foolery as Women's Rights!"

The Race from Honours. Is no decoration at all the highest decoration? "The answer is in the affirmative," would have been the Parliamentary reply of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain to that question. And both practised what they preached by declining earldoms. Mr. Henry Chaplin, too, was once ambitious enough to refuse a peerage. Young men are now said to begin life with one of two determinations, to get or to refuse a title. And the spirit of refusal promises to be in an increasing number of cases the longest-lived of the two moods. Perhaps Mr. Churchill still thinks he could never be persuaded; and Mr. Austen Chamberlain is, of course, still under the domination of his father's example.



THE COUNTESS OF WILTON, TO PRESIDE OVER AN ORGANISATION WHICH WILL CAUSE DUCHESSSES TO ACT AS FLOWER-GIRLS IN THE STREETS OF LONDON.

The 49th anniversary of Queen Alexandra's first landing in England is to be the occasion of a great Floral Fête to be held on June 26. A committee under the chairmanship of the Countess of Wilton has ordained that all those who are interested in "Alexandra Day" shall dress in white, their hats trimmed with wild roses, and go forth to sell to passers-by the artificial wild rose, which with Queen Alexandra's approval has been chosen the flower of the day. The proceeds will then be distributed to the hospitals, convalescent homes, and similar institutions.

Photograph by Swaine.



TO MARRY A D.S.O.: MISS HELENA HOLROYD-SMYTH.

The wedding of Miss Helena Holroyd-Smyth, daughter of Lady Harriette Holroyd-Smyth and the late Colonel Holroyd-Smyth, C.M.G., to Mr. Percival Huth, was fixed to take place on June 27. Mr. Huth is in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. [Photograph by Swaine.]

The King and the Players. The phrase "the King's wishes" continues to be somewhat loosely bandied about in connection with the selection of the Palace Theatre performers. As a matter of fact, his Majesty's friends have all along been very loath to hear it suggested that the King has been consulted in the affair at all, except as a matter of form. His wishes are commands, and, if issued in regard to the programme, would virtually make him responsible for it. It may be said at once that neither his Majesty nor his Household decided upon the inclusion of any artist,



WIFE OF ONE OF THE NEW KNIGHTS: LADY BLAND-SUTTON.

Married to the famous surgeon in 1899, Lady Bland-Sutton has always identified herself with his interests, and is well known for her efforts to make the lot of East End children a happier one. As Secretary of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, she is brought in touch with the darker side of London life.

Photograph by Thomson.



A NEW KNIGHT OF THE SCALPEL: SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON IN HIS PERSIAN PALACE.

Sir John Bland-Sutton's portrait by John Collier in the Royal Academy, showing the famous surgeon at the operating-table, is scarcely more original in treatment than this photograph, wherein Sir John is shown in his curious replica of a Persian Palace, illustrated on the opposite page.

Photograph by Thomson.

THE ACHÆMENID ABODE OF A FAMOUS LONDON SURGEON.



AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF THE HALL OF HONOUR IN THE PALACE OF ARTAXERXES MNEMON AT SUSA:
THE PERSIAN COURT OF SIR JOHN BLAND-SUTTON'S HOUSE IN BROOK STREET.

Sir John Bland-Sutton, the eminent surgeon of the Middlesex Hospital and the Chelsea Hospital for Women, whose name appeared among the new knights in the recent Birthday Honours, possesses in his house at 47, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, one of the most remarkable rooms in London. It is an exact reproduction of the Apadana, or Hall of Honour, of the Palace of Artaxerxes Mnemon at Susa, the largest of the palaces built by the Achæmenid kings. This was discovered in 1896 by a French party under M. and Mme. Dieulafoy. The lion and archer frieze, the bull capital and bases were deposited in the Louvre, and from these details the room in Brook Street was constructed. The hall is one of the few buildings mentioned in the Bible whose ruins have been identified. The upper photograph shows the view from the foot of the staircase leading into the hall. In the lower one may be seen the marble staircase with its bas-relief. The colour-scheme of the hall is ivory and carulean blue, while the columns are of marble, enriched with gold on the bull-heads of the capitals.—[Photographs by E. W. Gregory.]



STAR TURNS



THE BEST-DRESSED MAN ON THE HALLS: MISS VESTA TILLEY.

THE best-dressed man on the music-hall stage is a woman. She is Miss Vesta Tilley, who has been a male impersonator nearly all her life, and is one of the all-star turns who are to appear at the Command Performance at the Palace on Monday evening next.

Her father being the manager of a music-hall in Gloucester, she naturally came very early into contact with theatrical people. Gifted with more than the ordinarily vivid mimetic powers of the child, she imitated all the actors and music-hall singers she met. When she was three, she could imitate so many people that her father strung together the choruses of several popular songs which she knew, and, at the urgent entreaty of several of his friends, the baby sang them in public on the occasion of his benefit. Her success was so great that she at once began her music-hall career.

As the necessity of looking after a large family kept her mother at home, it was with her father that she visited the halls in the neighbouring towns. After her "turn" he would take her home, put her to bed and then go out again. One night, after he had gone out, she got one of his coats and hats and dressed herself up and began singing like some male performer she had heard. In the middle of her entertainment to herself her father returned. When he saw her he was struck with a new idea. "How would you like to sing dressed up as a boy?" he asked.

"I should love it," she replied.

The next day they went to a tailor's to have a dress suit made. It was given to her as a birthday present when she was five, at which age, in fact, she started as a male impersonator. Her London debut was made at the Royal, Holborn, when she was ten. She was billed as "The Great Little Tilley," and was so realistic in her impersonation of male characters at the time that the manager went to her father and said that the audiences could not make out whether she was a boy or a girl. He therefore proposed that she should be billed as "Lady Tilley." When the child was asked what she thought of it she declared most emphatically that she hated the idea of appearing as "Lady Tilley." "Well," said her father, "you must have some name to show you're a girl." He got a dictionary of names and looked through it to find those which would go nicely with the surname. The one he liked best was Vesta. It pleased his daughter, too. The manager, however, was still keen on "Lady Tilley." To decide which it should be, they wrote each name on a piece of paper, put them in a hat and told the child to draw one out. She drew the paper with "Vesta" on it.

Her first great success in London was made with a scena entitled "Poor Jo," in which she did the famous death scene, the pathos of which always affected the audience very deeply. Then she did a comic song which set her listeners roaring with laughter, and followed it with a character-study of a young man about town, in which style of part she is still inimitable.

On her last visit to the United States, Miss Tilley had the humorous experience of having her identity denied. She was singing at one of the up-town vaudeville theatres. At a matinée a message was taken to her that someone was asking for her at the stage door. As she was dressing at the time, her maid went out and found a big, burly, dirty-looking man, who said he had known Miss Tilley in Birmingham and wanted to shake hands with her. The maid's report of his appearance was so unfavourable that Miss Tilley asked to be excused. Determined not to be put off, the man found out the hotel at which she was staying, and that evening, while she was dining with some friends, the waiter told her that a gentleman had called to see her! The next moment, in lumbered a sailor, as dirty and unkempt as he was in the afternoon.

"Which of you's Vesta?" he asked.

Miss Tilley replied that she answered to that name. The man looked at her for a moment and shook his head. "The Vesta Tilley wot I saw in Birmingham had short hair; you're not her." He turned on his heel and went away. Of course, he had never met Miss Tilley at all, but had seen her on the stage wearing a wig which is a triumph of artistry, for her own hair reaches below her waist.

Like so many other music-hall artists, Miss Tilley used regularly to play in pantomimes every year. When she was fourteen she was Principal Boy at the Theatre Royal, Ports-

mouth, and a couple of years later occupied the same position at Drury Lane Theatre, where she appeared, first as Sindbad, and afterwards as the Prince in "Beauty and the Beast," the Beauty being the late Countess of Clancarty, then the beautiful Belle Bilton. Attempts innumerable have been made to get Miss Tilley to go into the theatre proper, but she has invariably refused them, although she did act the title-rôle in "My Lady Mollie" at Daly's Theatre, New York, for Mr. Charles Frohman, and she played in Clyde Fitch's



PAVLOVA IN A NEW RÔLE: AS A GIPSY IN "AMARILLA" AT THE PALACE.

"Amarilla" is the name of the new ballet divertissement which Mme. Pavlova recently introduced into her programme at the Palace. In it she appears as a young gipsy girl who is crossed in love, and, needless to say, her performance is very charming.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



AN ANCIENT BRITISH HUMAN SACRIFICE IN THE NEW BRITISH OPERA: THE OPENING SCENE OF "THE CHILDREN OF DON" AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

The prologue of "The Children of Don," the new opera by Mr. Joseph Holbrooke and Lord Howard de Walden, recently produced at the London Opera House, opens in a cave "in the Northern Isles," where a priest named Arawn is about to sacrifice a maiden to the gods. He is prevented by the arrival of Gwydion, who kills Arawn instead. The part of the Sacrifice is taken by Miss Von Nichols, that of Arawn by Mr. Frank Pollock.-(Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.)

comedy, "Algy," based on her famous song of that name.

As a male impersonator, Miss Tilley has represented a wide range of types, even the policeman, although her exceedingly dainty and slight physique is the very antipodes of the man in blue.

From the Wilds—of the Imagination.

FOR SALE



DANCES WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: VI.—THE WIDOW'S WEEDS WALTZ.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

FRIVOLITIES OF PHRYNETTE

BILL SIKES AND THE SURGEON: A SUGGESTION TO VIVISECTORS.

By MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London," and "Phrynette Married."

I HAVE done it. For months and months I had intended to do it, and postponed, partly because of the hair-raising placards in the window, and partly because of that slothful lethargy of inhabitants of big cities where opportunities are many. Yesterday, then, I entered with closed eyes the office of the Anti-Vivisection Society and signed the petition, after which, with a smiling conscience, I walked down towards Hyde Park. Well, the idea that escorted me from the chamber of horrors of the A.-V.S. to the sunny Park, I am going to give it to the world. It is a very good idea, "though I say it who should not." Don't mistake this for humility. People who vivisection, or approve of vivisection, do so on the ground that it benefits humanity; they do so to defend our flesh from disease and pain. People who hang, guillotine, electrocute, or garrotte criminals, or people who approve of the hanging, guillotining, electrocuting or garrotting do so on the ground that humanity must be defended against murderous attacks. So far so good, but it has struck me that the present conditions of the law are not socially economic. When we hang a criminal, he dies a useless death. True, we get rid of him, we prevent him from further offence; his work, his bread, his place in the sun become some other man's. But these are negative advantages. We do not actually benefit by his death. This is where cannibals manage better than we do. When their enemy is killed, they eat him, reaping thus two advantages for their community. Our degenerate appetites would not allow us to follow that healthy example, but there are other ways of profiting by a man's demise. Why not let him help the advance of science? Why not try on him serums (orsera), antidotes, and—er—oh, you know, all the things that

one individual altogether at his disadvantage. Not quite fair sport, is it? To use him in surgery would be to give him the opportunity of doing some good and useful thing in reparation.

Some scientists of quite good standing have pronounced against vivisection, not through tender-heartedness (it seems the more you know the less you feel), but because experiments on animals are so often useless. If rabbits must die let their end be, not on the laboratory table, but on the dining-table (I can recommend a certain wine sauce with mushrooms and young onions that would make you grudge every rabbit delivered unto a doctor!) The creature most like a man is another man, even be he a bad man. Indeed, the worse be man number two, the more like man number one is he. This for the practically minded. For the idealist here is the following comfort. Justice, as even he knows, has been afflicted, by some very early Old Master and daring satirist, with a thick bandeau over her wise eyes. It is only lovers that see better with their eyes closed, and Justice now and then also makes little mistakes, though always with dignity. Well, up to now the innocent condemned to be hanged does not resign himself easily to drop into nothingness. Indeed, he resents it very much.

But if he knew that, though his innocence be unrecognised, his death would serve his fellow-creatures, the just would rejoice. To the sensitive man, innocent or not, my suggestion would especially appeal: instead of the prison-yard, sinister at dawn; instead of the



A WIN FOR THE WHITE UNIFORM AND EMBROIDERED CLOTH: LIEUTENANT FUGGER ON "OTHERO," FIRST IN THE LIGHT CHARGERS CLASS.

One of the chief points of interest on the first day of the International Horse Show was the smart Prussian Cuirassier on his splendid charger, which gained the award of first prize in competition with one French and three English horses.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



ONE OF THE SIX: A RUSSIAN OFFICER ADMIRING ONE OF THE HORSES REPRESENTING THEIR COUNTRY IN THE JUMPING CLASS.

The International Horse Show has been rendered particularly attractive since its inception by the presence of the officers of foreign armies in their bright uniforms. Though the Italian contingent has been much depleted owing to the demands of the Tripoli War, the international character of the Show remains unimpaired. Six Russian officers competed this year.—[Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.]

have red labels on and unpronounceable names? His death would thus be ennobled. At present capital punishment is an end, not a solution. Hanging a murderer does not make reparation for the murder, and it looks uncommonly like society's revenge on one individual, handcuffed, hair-shorn, and in hideous clothes—in fact,



A 15-YEAR-OLD COMPETITOR OUTSIDE THE STABLES OF A 9-YEAR-OLD EXHIBITOR: MISS HELEN PREECE AT THE ENTRANCE OF MISS MONA DUNN'S 16TH-CENTURY COTTAGE.

Miss Mona Dunn, the nine-year-old daughter of a wealthy Canadian, is the happy possessor of twenty pedigree horses, which are stabled in "Millionaires' Row," at the International Horse Show at Olympia. The entrance to these stables is an archway in sixteenth-century style. Miss Helen Preece, though only fifteen years old, is a well-known cross-country rider.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

If ever I am condemned to be capitally punished, I offer myself to progress, provided I choose my own doctor. I know of one, a young and gentle surgeon—who, by the way, dances divinely; I'd rather receive at his hands the germs of every mortal disease under a hospital roof, and be cut up to atoms, than be pawed by a hangman who would not even have been introduced, don't you know!

WHERE ARE THE "KNOWS" OF YESTER YEAR?



SHE: He's my best friend.

HE: How long have you known him?

SHE: Since yesterday.

DRAWN BY ABEL FAIVER.



THE IRON DUKE'S "AIDE-DE-CAMP": A MONDAINE AND HER WORLD.

How She Won and Reformed a Rake.

It is natural that "the autobiography of a woman," as Lady Shelley calls her diary, should sooner rather than later touch on love. She was just eighteen when Sir John Shelley came into her life. "I began to doubt my capacity for that most difficult of all tasks, the reforming of a rake! But—

"I loved his generous nature,
Bold, soft, sincere, and gay,
Which shone in every feature,
And stole my heart away!"

Lady Sefton, her half-brother's wife, gave her "some excellent advice, which I determined to follow. I never went to sleep until my husband came home. During the first years of our married life this necessitated a great deal of reading, and affected my eyesight. Those eyes which, according to Saunders' miniatures, were once so large and brilliant, began insensibly to grow dim." Also: "I entreated him not to *tell me* if he were ever unfaithful to me, and though I cannot, of course, be certain of the fact, I firmly believe that he was loyal." It is quite certain that the subsequent ten years of married life covered by this portion of her diary were extremely happy ones. Through all her social triumphs in Paris and Vienna Sir John gave her a generous protection and a self-effacing admiration which must have made her the envied of her sex.

Wellington, the Hero of Her Life.

But the great spirit of Lady Shelley's age was Napoleon, and the great hero of her life, Wellington. Her frank adoration of him is a beautiful note in her often scandalous and always scandal-loving world. Long after their friendship had ripened, she says of a call which the Duke paid her in Paris: "As Shelley was at home during the whole of his visit, I doubly enjoyed it, for I always feel shy in a tête-à-tête with Wellington. I cut off a lock of his hair!"

Her Acquaintance Almost Became Intimacy.

Her first meeting with the Duke was as his hostess. "On Monday, the 18th (1814), I gave a party; and old Blücher came to it. To my great joy, Mrs. Wellesley Pole had invited the Duke of Wellington, whom I saw for the first time at my own house. . . . In the course of the evening, when I had lost something of the awe which the Duke's presence inspired, I ventured to converse with him. From that time our acquaintance increased till it has almost become intimacy."

"Wellington is Safe!"

Lady Shelley recounts how next year she heard the London mob shouting: "We don't know what the news is, but Wellington is safe." The words "Wellington is safe" were significant of the tragic story of Waterloo. "On the day that we heard that Paris had surrendered, we prepared to start; and, if possible, be the first to see and to congratulate the hero." Not only did they achieve this, but presently Lady Shelley, mounted on Copenhagen, the Duke's beloved charger, who carried him through the battle, rode at his side, in pleasant intercourse, or was led

by him in the place of honour as he reviewed his troops. Sovereigns, observing her place near him, became gracious, and a general "not knowing Shelley, said to him: 'The Duke pays a great deal more attention to his lady than to his review.'" In the course of a letter which she received from him the following year, he says, "I wished much for the company of my absent A.D.C. during this review." Married for eight years to the man of her choice, and the mother of children which he had given her, Lady Shelley yet speaks of this time in Paris as "the two happiest months of my life."

Wellington Wanted Never to Fight Again.

She tells some delightful stories of Wellington's *bonté*, none prettier than that of the shabby French child of the Paris streets, he setting her on his knee and eating a bite out of her apple—"I never saw anything so becoming as the Duke's caressing manner with this uninteresting little creature." He talked freely with Lady Shelley of his battles and his tactics. His eye glistened and his voice broke when he spoke of his losses at Waterloo. "I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory." And he told her husband that "if the option were given him of fighting Bonaparte with an equal number of troops, or any other general with 20,000 more troops, he should choose the latter."

All this pleasantness about a popular hero is in contrast to a disconcerting glimpse of Nelson, for which Lady Spencer is responsible. "And this is the man," Lady Shelley exclaims, "whom Southey holds up as a model for all sailors!"

At Vienna, where they travelled on leaving Paris, her great conquest was Metternich, Prime Minister of Austria, and that Metternich of whom Napoleon said, "Il ment trop." Mr. Asquith would find himself in sympathy with that statesman on one point at least. "Ne faites plus de politique entre femmes à Londres," he adjures her in writing. Anything but that! Here she had *beau jeu* "such as seldom falls to the lot of woman." And by the little arts of *coquetterie permise* she succeeded in turning many heads. "Perhaps the experiment was dangerous; but as my husband was my confidant, and, indeed, encouraged me . . . I indulged my vanity to the full." Evidently there are points in a rake which go to the making of a charming husband. Lady Shelley is in the best sense a woman of the world: clear-eyed, well-balanced, and rich in the opportunity for and capacity of judgment. Without art, without inspiration to be picturesque, she achieves a picture. How animated is that sketch of Talleyrand, for example, feeding Madame Perigord with coffee out of his cup! "He is a frightful object to look at; and rolls his tongue about in a disgusting manner. He has a club-foot; but in spite of all that, the French ladies find him irresistible." Carlyle's laboured portraits are less convincing.



AUTHOR OF "ANN," THE NEW PLAY AT THE CRITERION: MR. LECHMERE WORRALL.

Mr. Lechmere Worrall's new modern comedy in three acts, entitled "Ann," was produced at the Criterion on the 18th, under the management of Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore. They are not, however, themselves appearing in it.

Photograph by Canadian Studios.



WELLINGTON'S "LADY HAMILTON": FRANCES LADY SHELLEY.

In some respects Lady Shelley was to Wellington what Lady Hamilton was to Nelson, though their relation was nothing more than a romantic friendship. She was a Miss Winckley, of Preston, and at twenty, in 1807, she married Sir John Shelley. It was in Paris, a month after Waterloo, that she came to know Wellington well. The Iron Duke called her his aide-de-camp, and one day formed up the troops as they had been at the battle, for her benefit.

From "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley: 1787-1817," edited by Richard Edgcumbe. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, Mr. John Murray.

* "The Diary of Frances Lady Shelley, 1787-1817," Edited by Richard Edgcumbe. (John Murray, 10s. 6d. net.).

DECIDEDLY RECEPTIVE.

FOR SALE



MISTRESS: I shall want you to be dressed by three o'clock, Ellen, to receive any friends that may call.
ELLEN: Oh, thank yer, Mum! Ain't you goin' to be in?

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.



THE STRONGER CLAIM.

By MARK PERETY.

"WELL, whatever you say, Frobisher, I maintain that these savages, once they are converted, do not relapse into heathendom on the slightest provocation, like the Indians you are always boasting about."

The speaker was a young man, a missionary but lately come from England, and having a few months' experience of the country, felt himself competent to draw conclusions. He was one of a party of three, all men, who sat in the shady verandah overlooking the riot of tropical foliage and the sea. The others were the medical officer and the District Commissioner, the aforesaid Frobisher, and they were sitting together in the latter's bungalow after the work of the day was done.

"It's early days to see what will happen at present," he replied. "So far, all has been going well, and the natives are looking upon the Mission in the light of a novelty."

The missionary did not look best pleased at this outspoken criticism of his converts' piety.

"Do you think, then," he asked, "that it will wear off in time?"

"Not necessarily with time, but at a crisis. If any calamity were to fall upon the village, you would see that they would go back to their old gods like a shot."

This time it was the doctor who spoke, and he delivered the opinion as a man with authority.

"Well, you have been here longer than I, so I suppose you ought to know. But are you thinking of any special instance? Not that it would be a precedent, as every year we work here we are welding the bonds of Christianity closer."

"I don't know if you would think this was a proof, but I know that whenever I visit any of their miserable huts in illness, the people always go back to their old Ju-Ju practices as a last resort. I fancy that all the images are merely put away, and anything like a crisis would bring them to the fore."

The missionary looked surprised; here was something upon which he had never reckoned when he had come to that remote station to take the place of his predecessor, who had died there. He had been surprised that there were no images—the villages seemed, as he explained in a letter home, "to be purged of all abominable idols and the soil ready for my sowing." Hence he took for granted that what he did not see did not exist, and so boasted of his converts with no uncertain tongue.

As they sat there talking, the conversation drifted away into other channels. The dusk thickened, shutting out first the distant sea, then the date-palms, and finally leaving the oleanders and moon-flowers nothing but a faint, fragrant blur below them.

Before long the Commissioner turned uneasily and looked in the direction of a large pepper-tree, that stood by itself, surrounded by grass. He gazed eagerly at the trunk for a few moments before calling his companions' attention to a strange reflection of light there. It was nothing new to him, but he was curious to know what the others would make of it.

"That's no reflection, man, that's a woman," cried the doctor uneasily. "Who is she?—there's no woman here; at least, no white woman!" The missionary said nothing, but stared with growing anxiety in every feature.

Again they looked at the white-robed figure, which was now more clearly defined, as it seemed enveloped in a luminous mist. She stood on tip-toe under a branch, as though trying to reach something suspended above her head. Then, with a cry of despair, she turned away towards the house, alternately wringing her hands and covering her eyes, and disappeared through one of the long windows.

The three men turned and faced one another. It was Frobisher who broke the silence.

"What do you make of that?"

"Good God, it's awful!" said the doctor. The missionary sat still, gazing at the pepper-tree.

"Do you know anything about it?" came at last very slowly from his white lips.

"Not much. The first time I saw her was before the hurricane two years ago, soon after I came here. I naturally made inquiries, as it did not strike me at first that she was supernatural; but the terror of the natives whom I questioned led me to believe that it was so, and I at last discovered that I had seen the apparition of the first Commissioner's wife, who had died here insane from a terrible shock. The story went like this as near as I can find out:—

"When the Commissioner was first sent out, the place was in a most lawless condition, and he worked with the utmost severity to eradicate the horrible Ju-Ju practices. After some years he thought he had cleared the immediate neighbourhood of priests and idols, and congratulated himself accordingly, much the same as you are doing now, Harrington, only his clearance was made from civil and not from religious motives. All went well until the great hurricane, which devastated the country for miles, gave the people a touch of panic. The Commissioner was away up country at the time, and only his wife and a child, a youngster of some three or four years old, were here. A priest turned up from somewhere and managed to persuade the people that the storm had been caused by an offended deity. As if, by magic the Ju-Ju houses were restored and the images brought out. The village reeked with blood, and yet the gods were not appeased; some sort of fever broke out, and the priest ordered that toll should be taken from the white man's house. Accordingly, the child was stolen; what became of it was never known, but after days of agonised search, his mother went out into the garden and found hanging from the branch of a tree what she imagined to be her boy. Not being able to reach him, she ran for assistance, but found to her grief that it was only a pig dressed in his garments. The shock unhinged her mind, and when her husband returned in a few days, he found her hopelessly insane, which state, happily, did not last long, as death soon put an end to her misery. That, as far as I can make out, is the story of what we have just seen. The appearance is supposed to be the herald of calamity. I have seen her now every night for a week, but I don't know if any of the natives have. I hope they haven't, or there will be trouble, and then—why, if we do get a row, we shall see how far the Christianity has gone, that's all."

David Harrington got up; he was evidently vexed, for soon afterwards he made his adieux and went.

The others felt more at ease without him: he was still a stranger, and not an agreeable one at that; his theories about the treatment of natives were so very crude as yet.

"Is there any truth in what you have been telling us, Frobisher?" the doctor asked. "If so, I fear there's trouble ahead." The other nodded.

"I shouldn't be surprised—I've felt a bit uneasy myself. There are more signs of unrest about the district than the white lady in my courtyard. I doubt if Harrington could hold them in a panic, either. He's a good man according to his lights, but not the sort to tide over a crisis."

"What this place wants is total sanitary revision before missions. Why on earth we don't get more fever than we do beats me."

Soon after that the doctor took his departure, and on his way home through the native village saw and heard things which would have filled the missionary with righteous indignation.

The next day the doctor was called in to see a man who was reported to be "very sick." On his arrival, he found the house filled with relatives of the dying man, praying round him in the ecstatic prayers of the mission-house. He pronounced a verdict of yellow fever, and drove the onlookers from the house.

It was a week before the three met on Frobisher's verandah, three weary, tired-out men.

"Well, Frobisher, your lady did not belie her tradition in bringing bad luck."

"By Jove, no. I don't know when we have had an epidemic like this. I hope to goodness we shall be able to stop it soon, or we shall have no villagers left, although for some things, that might be an advantage."

"There's so little one can do; the people now are trying to disguise the disease, and hide the deaths so that I cannot trace them. How are your people holding, Harrington? Can you keep them together, or are they panicky?"

"I don't know what to make of them. Some have actually come to me to ask me to pray for the dead—a thing I would never do. Some have brought black-and-white cocks, wanting me to offer them as a sacrifice to make God stop this sickness. I explained that our Deity was not to be appeased with the blood of a victim, and told them that if now He was angry, it was at these thoughts, in which their ignorance reduced the Almighty to the level of their fetishes."

[Continued overleaf.]

A TEC - NICAL MISTAKE.

FOR SALE



THOUGH IN HIS CUPS, STILL MINDFUL OF THE PLATE.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"Good heavens, man, you don't mean to say you really told the poor wretches that?"

The missionary opened his eyes wide in surprise. "Why not?" he asked. "It was the truth."

"Well, then, if you're not mad, you'll start some service to pray for the survivors; rather a big one, as elaborate as you can make it, and give the people some comfort out of their religion. When everything's going on all right, the people don't mind, but at a time like this when the natives are on the edge of a panic, they must think you're jolly slack not to do something to get the calamity removed."

"Do you really think so?" he replied. "But won't it look as if I were trafficking with their old customs?"

The Commissioner got up from the long cane chair with a muttered oath, and faced the missionary.

"Look here," he said, "if these negroes get out of hand, do you know what will happen? In all probability they will turn us into a sacrifice to placate their gods, and they have not got pleasant ways of putting an end to their victims, I can assure you!"

David Harrington had grown white under this speech.

"I will do what I can," he said, "but I don't like it."

"I can't see what you object to!" broke in the doctor; "aren't there prayers for 'Plague and Sickness' in the Prayer-Book? There used to be; trot 'em out. I don't believe you realise what an important thing this is."

The man thus admonished looked uncomfortable.

"But what can I do if they want me to offer the sacrifice again?"

"Oh, keep the fowls for the cooking-pot!" said Frobisher, thoroughly annoyed, as he went to the table to mix himself another peg.

So the service was arranged for the following day, but the sickness did not slacken; in fact, it seemed to be gaining in its power. The natives gathered in little groups and asked each other why no sacrifice had been offered. One knot of them waylaid Harrington on his way home from the church, and suggested that they would willingly provide a large offering if he would sacrifice the beasts upon the altar.

The missionary was vexed and drove the people away with angry words. After that the attendance at the daily services fell off, and he complained of it to his two friends, saying that he could not account for the negroes, they did such strange things.

Frobisher and the doctor met often and shook their heads. Things were reaching a dangerous state, and it only wanted one of the old priests to come from the inland, they said, and the whole district would be in a blaze.

"Why can't that fool Harrington kill a goat or two? It would save a riot."

A few days afterwards the missionary went down to his church and found the whole male population shrieking and yelling round the little tin building. From within came sounds of horror, the shrill squawking of fowls and the loud bleating of goats. In alarm, he inquired of the nearest man what was the matter.

"You no make proper players. We now got proper pliest who do plenty."

The Rev. David elbowed his way between the men, and the sight that met his eyes filled him with horror. A native priest, decked in his surplice and stole, was literally wading in blood round the altar, which was heaped with the mangled bodies of his victims.

He turned and fled to the Commissioner's house with more speed than he would have thought himself capable of, had you asked him a week before.

On the verandah he found the two friends deep in the weighty problem whether they should send for help then or wait until it was really needed; when it would probably be too late. Both were opposed to the first measure, as they felt they ought to be able to deal with the situation without assistance.

Harrington arrived, hot and panting, and flung himself into a chair; his face white and clammy, and the others looked at him in alarm.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "They've gone back. They've turned the church into a Ju-Ju house, and some man of theirs is cutting up animals on the altar."

The other two looked at one another. Frobisher whistled. "Well, we're in for it now. We shall have to take the consequences. Can you fire off a gun, Harrington?"

The man shivered, said he had never done such a thing in his life, and asked if it would be necessary.

"By Jove, I should think it will be!" Frobisher exclaimed. "We must do what we can, but I fear this old place won't stand much of a siege—it's much too tumble-down."

"What about the 'Look-Out'?" suggested the doctor.

"The very thing. Now come on: arms and provisions first. If they're not wanted, so much the better; but it's more than likely we shall be glad of them before night."

They worked hard to try and get the little tower, which stood on a mound above the house, into a state of defence. The whole place was deserted, as the servants had given themselves leave to go down to the sacrifice.

Towards the end of the afternoon, when their preparations were nearly complete, a distant sound of tom-toms was heard.

The noise approached rapidly, and was mixed with the shouts and yells of the villagers.

There was a little gallery on one side of the tower, and on this they stood and waited. When the mob broke into view, the Rev. David shivered; he had never seen these usually docile natives reduced to their original state of savagery.

The horde broke into the house below, wrecking it in the attempt to find their quarry.

At last the Commissioner shouted to them and asked what was the cause of this uproar.

The answer was what he had expected. The new gods had failed in this time of stress; an old priest had returned, sacrifices had been made, and the gods had replied that the sickness had come through the white man in the black coat.

Those watching could have seen the missionary shake and go whiter still. For a quarter of an hour Frobisher parleyed with the men, and as it grew dark, they withdrew to consult together.

Hours passed, and nothing more was heard of them; then suddenly, as the three were sitting down to a supper of tinned meat and biscuit, there was a rattle of stones on the wooden gallery.

The Commissioner went out to remonstrate, but the mob had got beyond the point when it would listen to reason, or anything else, for that matter, and merely howled that the missionary should be handed over to them. When this was refused, the hail of stones recommenced, and Frobisher withdrew with a nasty cut on the cheek-bone.

"I'm afraid we're in for it," he said, as he rejoined the others. "We had better go and watch at those loop-holes we left. We shall have to fire if they try and smoke us out, but I don't think they will yet, and they have not got any other weapons."

The besieging force sat down and waited, watching in a ring in case any of those white men should come out.

The night passed in suspense, and the dawn came up slowly over the long range of low hills to the east, and those who were watching saw a messenger come panting up the hill from the village.

It was evident that he came on a mission of importance, for the negro is not given to unnecessary haste. He spoke to the outposts and then shouted up at the windows.

A small shutter was pushed back, and Frobisher asked what was wanted.

It transpired that the Chief's grandson was sick, and would the doctor come at once?

"That's all very well," said the Commissioner, as the doctor put on his coat. "But who is to know that this is not a beastly plant? I don't see the fun of throwing yourself into their hands for nothing."

The medical officer hesitated while Frobisher went back and told the messenger that it was inconvenient for him to come. If the Chief wanted him he must come himself to fetch him.

Without waiting an instant, the man disappeared and returned in an incredibly short space of time to say the Chief himself was coming to speak with his Excellency.

This was unexpected and it looked more hopeful. The Chief was more enlightened than the rest, but at a time like this it might not hold.

When he did make his appearance, he brought a great white bull with him. He was admitted to the tower, with caution. Once inside, it was his first idea to get the doctor to go to his grandson immediately, lest he died, and allayed all suspicion by offering to stay in the tower until the doctor's return, as a guarantee of his safety. Then he explained that he had brought the bull to give the White Man's God one more chance, and let the missionary try and remove the sickness with the blood.

The Commissioner and the doctor looked at Harrington.

"You'll have to do it this time, old chap, and get us out of the hole; you mustn't let 'em think their priest is better than ours."

Harrington nodded and assented with tightly drawn lips.

So it was arranged.

The Chief stayed at the "Look-Out," and the doctor went to the sick child. The missionary performed the sacrifice, while the Commissioner watched the mob, and they watched events.

Although David Harrington was a narrow man, he was of the stuff that the martyrs were made, and had it been necessary that he should have gone off with the natives to the Ju-Ju house, he would have gone willingly, believing that his salvation was assured. He would not have shirked death, but this sacrifice he did not relish.

They all knew that their lives hung in the balance of the recovery of the Chief's grandson, and the people were there to see if the recovery depended on the sacrifice.

The white bull was slain and burnt on a roughly piled altar made of the bungalow furniture, then they waited and waited for the doctor's return.

There was but a very slender chance that the child would recover, and if he died, they knew well that they would never see another dawn.

The day crept slowly on as they waited there in the scorching sun. At evening the cool wind came up from the sea and with it came the doctor.

"The child will live," he said; "the danger is past, now."

"Thank God!" said the Commissioner, but the missionary was on his knees praying as he had never prayed before.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

THE CHAMPIONSHIP—AND AFTER: ANECDOTES OF FORMER VICTORS.

After the Championship.

The winner of the Open Championship at Muirfield (whoever he may be; I am not in a position to name him at the moment of writing) will have a very busy time of it for the remainder of the season, for a reigning Open Champion is in great demand in these days. The game has been so much boomed this year, and there is undoubtedly so much more general interest in it than ever before, that the hero of Muirfield, assuming that he is a professional, will have some difficulty in sorting out his arrangements. How very different it was in the old days before golf had become the greatly popular game that it is now! I remember Willie Park telling me about some of the circumstances attending his victory in the Championship of 1887. He took a month off from his club-making at Musselburgh for practice, went to Prestwick for the Championship, and won. Then he caught the first train back to Musselburgh, and next morning was hard at work in his shop again. An amateur golfing friend passed the shop door on his way to the links and saw Willie at his bench. He stared at him in wonderment, and then said in a way, half of reproach and half of wonder, "Man! you're working there as if nothing had happened!" Nowadays, the first thing that an Open Champion has to do immediately after his victory is to hide himself from his friends, and spare himself from the bewilderment of their congratulations. When Braid won the Jubilee Open Championship at St. Andrews, two years ago, he was chaired from the last green and cheered more enthusiastically, I think, than any champion had ever been cheered before. They got him as far as Tom Morris's shop, and then he mysteriously disappeared. Hundreds tried to find him, but nobody knew where he was, and no information about him could be gained. Actually he was alone with one or two friends in a little office at the back of the shop, collecting his thoughts and sending off a few telegrams, but the sentries who were outside the door disclaimed any knowledge of his whereabouts to inquirers.

Next Day with Braid.

And the second thing that the new Open Champion has to think about, as a rule, is the game that he has to play next day. Here again there is a Braid story to tell, for when he won his fourth championship at Prestwick, in 1908, the club in his bag to which he was particularly indebted (if James Braid is ever indebted to any particular club—which I doubt) was his putter. His putting throughout that meeting was about the best I have ever

seen in an Open Championship, and it was done with one of the aluminium articles of the podgy variety, which had then not long been in. It was straight in the face, and Braid had carefully adjusted it to his taste after many experiments and trials; one of the things that he had done being to add an inch of wood to the end of the shaft. Five minutes after he had won he offered the pick of his bag to a friend for remembrance of the great occasion, and that friend at once pounced upon the putter, much to the dismay of James, who then pleaded that he might have the loan of the club for an important match that he was to play elsewhere on the morrow. But the new owner of the club was taking no risks, and gently but firmly refused. "But what shall I putt with?" the champion asked. "Now, James, what does it really matter what you putt with to-morrow? You can putt with your niblick if you like!" "Eh, well," sighed the champion, and went off to buy himself a new putter of some sort, and the sequel was that on the following day he broke the record of the course that he was playing on, and all the papers said that his putting was magnificent—as it was!



DRESSED FOR THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP: THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD OPEN CHAMPION OF AMERICA, J. J. McDERMOTT.

One of the most interesting competitors in the Open Championship at Muirfield was J. J. McDermott, Professional of the Atlantic City Club, New Jersey, the first American-born player to win the Open Championship of the States. At Muirfield, however, he was unfortunate in failing to qualify, taking 91 to do the first round and 81 for the second. He will be twenty-one in August. In America McDermott always plays in his shirt-sleeves, and finds a jacket a little irksome.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

Harry Vardon's Suspense.

Harry Vardon takes a victory in the Championship as coolly as any man in the world. The day after he won his second championship at Prestwick he won the first prize in a big tournament at St. Nicholas. But he never felt so uncomfortable as during a couple of minutes when it was in doubt as to whether that same championship would be his or not. It was a question while the last two or three holes were being played whether he or Willie Park was to be the winner, and Park was playing immediately behind him. When Vardon had finished, Park was left to get a three at the last hole to tie with him, and though those were the days of the gutty ball, when threes were not so easy to get at the home hole at Prestwick as they are now, it was almost an even chance that Park, a prince of putters, would get it. He drove a fine ball to the edge of the green, and then ran up to within a yard of the hole. It seemed a certainty for him then. "I stood at the edge of the crowd," said Vardon, "seeing nothing and feeling the most miserable man alive. Never while playing have I felt so uncomfortable as during those two or three minutes. After what seemed an eternity, there rose from all round the ring one long, disappointed 'O-o-o-h!' I didn't stop to look at the ball, which was still outside the hole. I knew that I had won the Championship again, and hastened light-heartedly away."

HENRY LEACH.



MEN TO WHOM THE CHAMPIONSHIP IS NO NOVELTY: FOUR WINNERS OF THE "OPEN," AT MUIRFIELD.

The group of three in the middle are (from left to right in the photograph) J. H. Taylor, Alexander Herd, Harry Vardon; further back is James Braid. All of them have won the Open Championship in their day, and between them they have won it fourteen times. James Braid has won it twice at Muirfield, the scene of this year's contest—in 1901 and 1906; also at St. Andrews in 1907, and at Prestwick in 1908. Harry Vardon was Open Champion in 1896, 1898, 1899, 1903, and 1911; J. H. Taylor in 1894, 1895, 1900, and 1909; and Alexander Herd in 1902.—(Photograph by Illustrations Bureau)



THE DRAMATIST AS REFORMER: PLAYS WITH A PURPOSE.

"Find the Woman." There is a kind of foreword given with the programme of the "Find the Woman" play at the Garrick in which Mr. Herman Klein tells us that his brother Charles wrote the play "to expose, and if possible reform, the abuse of criminal procedure called 'the Third Degree.'" Everyone

does not know that "the Third Degree" is a method of mental and moral torture adopted by the police in the United States to extort information, and even confession, in criminal cases. No doubt the foreword speaks in good faith, and the author believes that the reforming instinct inspired him to write the play, though, as presented here, the "Third Degree" business merely forms an incidental, not very impressive part of a melodrama, and could be eliminated without material alteration to the piece. Apart from the foreword one would have guessed that the popular American dramatist had merely been 'cute enough to introduce



THE GLAD EYE AND THE GLAD WINK: MLE. MATHILDE CAUMONT, WHO ARRANGED TO APPEAR AT THE PALLADIUM THIS WEEK.

It was arranged that Mlle. Mathilde Caumont should appear at the Palladium on the 24th in an up-to-date "farcette" entitled "Getting Out of It." Her successful appearance as Madame Blum in "The Quaker Girl" is fresh in memory.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

a topic likely to interest New York. To us "the Third Degree" says nothing not already said infinitely better in "La Robe Rouge" and its English version, "The Arm of the Law." It is asserted that Brieux's drama has brought about an alteration of the French system, and that now a person examined by the *juge d'instruction* has a right to be represented by counsel. The French method was legal and approved by many men of education, whilst the American is said to be not only brutal but illegal. It is sweetly typical of the United States, where, in a general way, abuses are not due to bad laws, but rotten administration of good laws.

"Problem Plays." Of course, the Stage has often been used as a means of preaching reform; indeed, it is surprising that the use has not been greater, that the problem play—to use the term in its pre-Ibsen sense—has been relatively rare. The most famous on our stage was Charles Reade's work, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," on the first night of which in London, in 1863, there was a dreadful row in the theatre, caused by the horrible realism of the scenes of torturing prisoners in jail. It went so far that a dramatic critic—fancy that! a dramatic critic—jumped up and protested. His name was Tomlins, he represented the *Tizer*, and he thus won a little place in theatrical history—and thereby beat most of us. Reade was a tremendous zealot for reforming this or that, as well as an enthusiastic playwright. One looks back on his dead dramas, mournful that the time spent in writing them was not used by him as a novelist, since he has one masterpiece to his credit—"The Cloister and the Hearth." I notice, by the way, that as a result of the Censor's little revolution, a condensed version of "It's Never Too Late to Mend" is now being presented at the New Middlesex.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The most successful problem play in the world's history, of course, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which still perpetuates the fiction that slavery was the real cause of the great Civil War of America. The statistician would be appalled by the figures that could be given concerning the productions of the artless stage versions of the book. Of late years the problem plays have run chiefly on the "Votes for Women" question, which has produced a larger crop than any I know, without, however, inspiring a single work of great quality. At the end of it all, we recollect one Suffragist scene: the Trafalgar Square scene in "Votes for Women." Some of us will never forget Mr. Gwenn's great performance as a mob orator.

"G. B. S." as Reformer.

At first sight one would expect to find many instances in the works of "G. B. S."; in reality, as far as plays are concerned, he is rather too Donnybrookish in his methods to write problem plays. Still, there is "Mrs. Warren's Profession," prohibited by the Censor in the interests of "morality," and "Widowers' Houses," which shook up a few slum landlords; and, of course, "G. B. S.," like most dramatists, heaves a good many bricks at the existing system of marriage and divorce.



"JEST THE LIMMUT" OF FASCINATION: MISS RENÉE KELLY, THE ANN ANNING, OF "ANN," AT THE CRITERION.

Miss Renée Kelly's acting in "Ann," at the Criterion, the new comedy by Mr. Lechmere Worrall, is one of the chief attractions of the piece. Ann is a bewitching American journalist, who uses such expressions as "Wal, I guess that's jest the limmut."

modern times we have seen an onslaught on the tally-man system in an admirable, interesting comedy by Lady Bell, called "The Way the Money Goes"; nor has Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton's able attack on the fashionable "sweating" dress-maker in "Warp and Woof" been forgotten; also Miss Cicely Hamilton had something of a shot at the "living-in" system in her clever comedy, "Diana of Dobson's." I daresay ardent people are now writing dramas to harrow our nerves with the horrors of the Insurance Act and the licking of stamps. Probably some of them will contain the funny line from "Our Boys," where a young man was described as "no good for anything but to stand near a post office with his tongue out for people to wet stamps upon."—E. F. S. (MONOCLE).

"Justice."

Mr. Galsworthy's pitiless play called "Justice," like "Strife" and "The Silver Box," has the air of a problem play. However, the author makes no effort to grapple directly with existing laws, and the function of his profound, beautiful dramas seems to be mainly to point out the cruelty and selfishness of all human institutions. We have nobody like Brieux, most of whose able pieces attack some law or group of laws of which he disapproves. Some subjects have been curiously neglected; for instance, as far as I know, the Deceased Wife's Sister question, during the many years of agitation, merely produced one play, a rather able work called "The Transgressor." In



THE YOUNGEST OLIVER TWIST EVER SEEN ON THE STAGE: MASTER ALFRED WILLMORE, WHO IS APPEARING AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Master Alfred Willmore, who is taking the name-part in "Oliver Twist" at His Majesty's, is only eleven, and is said to be the youngest player who has ever appeared in the part. He plays it in a way that wins all hearts.

Photograph by Vandamm.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE PETROL PROBLEM; COLONIAL REQUIREMENTS; AND TYRE-INFLATION.

Motorists Create a Monopoly.

Arising out of its meeting called the other day to consider the price of petrol, the R.A.C. has issued a notice calling motorists' attention to means by which they can bring pressure to bear upon the purveyors of spirit. The Club points out that the price of petrol, like any other commodity, is largely regulated by supply and demand, and that this being so, the matter is to a certain extent in the hands of motorists themselves. The Club suggests that by always demanding a special brand of motor-spirit they have created a monopoly of that brand, so that distributors are able to demand and obtain almost any price they ask. This fact clearly arises out of the speech of Sir Marcus Samuel at the meeting to which I have already referred. What is known as light spirit is almost always in demand, the

least thirty of the two-gallon cans, which he can obtain at 2s. each. By always carrying as near the maximum stock as possible, and with instructions to his dealer to replenish his stock once or twice a week, he would always have enough petrol on hand to stay him for two or three weeks. Further, if this plan were generally carried out, it would mean an enormous reserve stock in the country by means of a comparatively small individual outlay for the receptacle and tins.

A Car for the Colonies.

It is not each and every car that is turned out in accordance with English tastes that is suitable for use in our colonies. Rather, indeed, the reverse, for, as pointed out by Mr. S. F. Edge on his return from a tour of inspection in South Africa, British cars, to be of any service there, must have considerably greater clearance than cars here, and must be sprung in a different fashion. Yet there are cars of standard type here which appear to suit the Colonial market right off the reel; and if one may judge by the testimony of a Cape Colony medical man, the Valveless car would seem to be one of them. After covering 19,000 miles in two years and ten months, all the replacements required were two new piston-rings, while one big end was a little slack and the jet worn. The cost of the new parts is covered by a few shillings. But, apart altogether from the durability of the valveless, I should esteem it a highly desirable car for export, owing to its simplicity and fewness of parts.

Why Wearily Pump?

I wonder how many motorists ever consider the amount of labour and energy necessary to the inflation of an ordinary 870 by 90 tyre by means of the ordinary pump? Even a tyre of this size is a sufficiently severe



THE FIRST USE OF THE NEW MOTOR ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT: CARS ON THE ROYAL HEATH.

fact that there are other spirits of a heavier specific gravity—which are quite useable during the summer months at least—being altogether ignored. These fuels can be purchased from dealers at twopence per gallon less than is charged for the standard brands.

Use Heavier Spirit in the Summer.

The fact that there is not a sufficient market for the burning oils and the heavier spirits is one of the reasons of the high price of the lighter products. This is such a simple proposition that car-owners can readily understand why, if they concentrate solely on one or more brands of light spirit, and ignore altogether the existence and the possibilities of the heavier descriptions, they must go far to create a monopoly against themselves. The suggestion, therefore, is that during the summer motorists might call for heavier spirit, and at prices twopence per gallon less than the standard brands. Upon this practice becoming general there would be a much greater volume of spirit available for the ordinary motorist, which to-day is being sold at low prices to omnibus companies and others in a less refined state, in order to clear the stocks of importers of what would otherwise be a drug on their hands.

How to Guard Against Strikes and Shortage.

The R.A.C. goes on to proffer some valuable advice on the effect of the storage of petrol by the ordinary motorist. In cases where a motor-car owner has his own motor-car house, he can store up to sixty gallons of petrol without a license, provided that his storage receptacle is located at least twenty feet from any building. And in many cases this may be done where the motor-house forms part of or abuts against any other building, provided the approval of the inspector of the local authority is obtained. And it can be obtained in all reasonable cases. There are metal receptacles on the market for holding thirty tins of spirit which can be bought for £2 or £3. Each private user should then own at



CARS INSTEAD OF COACHES TO WATCH THE RACING: THE NEW MOTOR ENCLOSURE AT ASCOT.

In our last issue we gave a photograph of the new enclosure for motors on the course at Ascot, an interesting innovation introduced this year for the first time. We now illustrate the new enclosure in use at the meeting last week. In the upper photograph may be seen what a large number of cars it can hold. In the lower one two of the stands and a part of the course are shown; also the number-board—which, by the way, has been moved this year from the other side.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

task on a hot day, particularly if the motorist is single-handed, and no R.A.C. Guide or A.A. Scout is near. As a matter of fact, it requires about 260 strokes of an ordinary pump to raise the pressure in a tyre of the above dimensions to 70 lb. per sq. in. Few cars are fitted with—for, indeed, few motorists can afford—the luxury of engine-driven inflating devices, and it is in the interests of these poorer owners that Messrs. Michelin and Co. have introduced their Air Cylinder, which can be conveniently carried on the car. It contains sufficient pure air, at a pressure of 1800 lb. per sq. in., to blow up five or six tyres of the named size. It is connected to the valve by means of a flexible tube and connection in the ordinary way, and is operated by simply turning on a tap.

[Continued on a later page.]

TEST MATCH TATTLE: CRICKET, CATERING, AND CUPID.

The Bowler of the Age.

Unless the totally unexpected has happened, a new record will, by the time this appears, have been established in the Test Match between England and Australia. Hitherto only two Englishmen had topped the century in Australian wickets captured; these being Peel, 102 wickets, and Barnes, 101 wickets. Before the present match ends, therefore, Barnes should have taken the lead, as is right and proper in the bowler of the age. He has so far appeared in one match fewer than the Yorkshireman. In inningses played A. C. Maclaren, among Englishmen, easily holds the record, with sixty-one appearances at the wicket. Rhodes with this match passes Hayward, with whom he was level, each having batted on fifty-one occasions in Test Matches against the Cornstalks. These three, however, are far behind Sidney Gregory, who, prior to this match, had faced the English bowlers on no fewer than eighty-nine occasions in these supreme ordeals.

Batting Records.

With fewer players to draw upon, and a fixed determination not too soon to bestow spurs upon her youthful aspirants, Australia gives her favoured sons more opportunities of setting up long figures than is possible to an Englishman. Thus Clement Hill (seventy-six), M. A. Noble (sixty-eight), and Victor Trumper (seventy-four) have all batted more frequently than our own men. It cannot be said that they have done badly with their opportunities, for Hill, with 2660 runs, and Trumper, with 2263, are well ahead of their English rivals; Maclaren, 1931; Hayward, 1747; and Tyldesley, 1389, coming next in the international table. Reginald Foster, however, though his runs in Test cricket number but 486, has the highest average of all—60.75; and his is the highest score in such an encounter, his 287 in a Test Match at Sydney, in 1903, still holding the field. Hobbs is the best-placed of the youngsters, his twenty-three appearances at the wicket having cost Australia 54.8 per time, or an aggregate of 1096. He is the only batsman to make three centuries in succession in Test Match cricket. Frank Foster has an average of 32.28 for nine completed innings, and in addition has taken thirty-two wickets at 21.62 runs apiece.

The Sponsors of Test-Match Cricket.

This international cricket began simply and solely as a business venture. Spiers and Pond, the caterers, of Ludgate Circus, and the railway station refreshment-rooms—they, and not the M.C.C., or any other directing body, were the godfathers of Test Match cricket. A couple of enterprising Australians, they made a fortune out of our leisurely game for amateurs, and established the most exciting contest in the whole realm of athletics.

Messrs. Spiers and Pond were associated as proprietors of a smallish restaurant in Melbourne. They looked out for crowds, as alert caterers should, and they saw that the biggest draw in

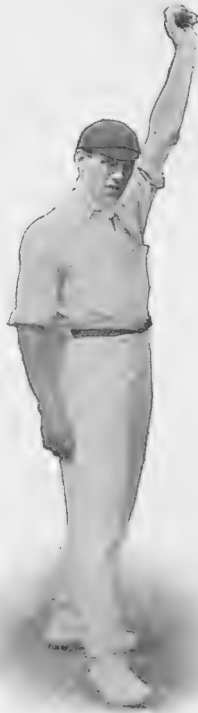
Melbourne was the Saturday afternoon cricket matches. They realised that the players were taking in each other's washing, so to speak; that they needed fresh and better opponents. So these two packed a bag apiece and came away to England to plan a visit from an English eleven. It was not then so easy to arrange as is now the case; the journey was of two months' duration or more, so that a team had to spend at least a third of the year at sea in getting out and home, to say nothing of land travel. But all difficulties were overcome, and a series which is to know no end, we hope, began at Melbourne in 1876. Australian cricket was, of course, still in its infancy, but the visit of that team worked wonders; and with Caffyn and Lawrence, Surrey professionals, remaining—the one to coach the Melbourne Club, and the other the Sydney Club—skill and cunning were added to natural aptitude and grit; and here are the second or third generation with us to-day.

The Only Strike in Cricket.

Test cricket, by the way, caused the only strike ever known in the annals of the game. Certain English professional players felt themselves aggrieved at the pittance which they received. They saw the Australians pooling their share of the game, yet treated as amateurs, and individual members described in one of the papers as "——, Esq." Each Australian was making something like £800 profit out of the tour; the English professionals were getting something like £30 for the Test Matches. It was a sorry, unhappy business. The objectors were shelved, and the substitutes won a thrilling victory, thanks, in the main, to the extraordinary bowling of the late Richard Pougher. But the effect of that business is that the professionals get higher pay and the counties now share in the M.C.C.'s profits.

Cricket Romances.

Not a few romances have come about from the tournaments. The late Mr. W. L. Murdoch won his bride with his bat, so to speak. She was the daughter of J. B. Watson, a Bendigo gold king, who left over a million. The young lady, travelling in England at the same time as the team which the gallant hitter captained, fell in love with him, travelled home in the same boat with the side, met him, plighted her troth, and a few hours after they landed in Melbourne the twain were man and wife. Lord Darnley, going out to fight for the championship of the cricket field, succumbed to the charms of one of Australia's fair daughters. He sustained an injury to his hand and went into the pavilion to have it dressed. The handsome daughter of Mr. John S. Morphy, of Victoria, dressed his wound, and bound it up with her own dainty little pocket handkerchief. And that led to the tying of a knot which neither has since desired for a moment to sever.



ENGLAND'S NEW LEFT-HAND BOWLER: H. DEAN, WHO IS PLAYING IN HIS FIRST TEST MATCH.

Dean, the Lancashire left-hand bowler, was chosen to play for England in the match against Australia at Lord's arranged to begin on the 24th. This is his first Test Match. He was born at Burnley in 1885.

Photo. by Sport and General.



AN ELEVEN OF KANGAROOS, BUT NOT THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM: TAKING THE FIELD.

As pointed out above, we do not offer this photograph as a portrait of the Australian team selected to play against England this week at Lord's, in spite of the fact that it shows an eleven of kangaroos. The photograph comes from Adelaide.

Photograph by F. Gabriel.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Briton and the Cabaret.

One evening recently I was invited by a brilliant young friend to visit a Cabaret-made-in-England. We dressed for the part. He wore a lounge suit, a spotted blue tie, and a black-velvet hat (purchased in Paris) pulled well down over one eye. He also smoked a fat, aggressive pipe. After dinner, we wended our way to the Cabaret. It looked fearfully thrilling and very Continental, so far as the theatre itself was concerned. The hall was brown-papery in tone, and the proscenium intensely Greek in design, and there were very German-looking mugs of lager-beer, served by young ladies in extraordinarily short petticoats. A coloured lantern or two of Japanese aspect lit up the proceedings. Outside, there was a specious air of hilarity, and half-a-dozen men who had escaped from the entertainment were telling each other funny stories in the vestibule and the garden. But we pressed in, expecting to be reminded of youthful impressions of Montmartre and the famous Chat Noir, with the inimitable Rudolphe de Salis. But alas for human hopes! The Briton, in his most respectable mood, had got hold of our English Cabaret, and he had brought his womenkind to pass an evening there. A gentleman—fetched with great delay from somewhere—played the 'cello. Someone else (this was very funny) gave an imitation of a sermon. A lady set forth her amorous disappointments in a song-cycle. And that was all! We had donned strange hats and drunk lager beer—which is deleterious in London—to this end. The Briton and the Cabaret seem strangely antagonistic.

The Charm of the Dialect Play.

To the Londoner, weary of those London types which the modish dramatist so persistently presents, with the themes and the satire which are characteristic only of great capitals, the dialect play of the Irish Theatre and of Miss Horniman's admirable company of comedians from Manchester is extraordinarily attractive. At this hour, the company from the Abbey Theatre and their repertory are well known in England and America, and that strange masterpiece, "The Playboy of the Western World," is to make a bid for Continental fame, and will shortly be given in Berlin, in German. The dialect play, whether Irish or Lancashire, has all the charm, to us Southrons, of the exotic. The scenes, the characters, in which passes Mr. Stanley Houghton's extremely modern comedy, "Hindle Wakes"—a dining-room in a Lancashire manufacturing town—seem as unfamiliar as would be scenes and characters in Belgium or Norway. And these Lancashire weaver-girls are every whit as "modern" in their attitude towards life, and especially towards Man, as any heroine of Ibsen or Björnson. The Fanny Hawthorn of "Hindle Wakes" is a young person of spirit, and refuses to be made "an honest woman" by the shifty young man with whom she has had a brief escapade at Llandudno. And, moreover, what

we somewhat contemptuously describe as "the provinces" would seem to be a school for finished, easy, realistic acting, devoid of pose and fustian. Miss Horniman's venture is revealed as of vivid interest.

Germans in the Ball-Room.

Whatever may be the demerits of the young German in other spheres, he certainly shines in the drawing-room—above all, in the ball-room. Compared to the youthful dancing Briton—who is apt to regard himself as a fragile object, not to be made use of by all and sundry—the Teuton is a knight in regard to the ladies. When he goes to a ball, he enters into the festal scene with all his heart and a great deal of goodwill, with the result that every young thing in

sainte mousseline has the certainty of a good time. No well-bred German would refuse to be introduced to a lady if his hostess wished, as is done every night in London by our wonderful youngsters. Indeed, a ball in Berlin is far more animated than a similar function in London, because "extra-tours" are the fashion, so that couples are constantly changing partners; and then, too, the gay cotillon is an institution, and not a rather exotic addition to a ball, as with us. Moreover, the young foreigner in Germany, especially if she be English or American, is absolutely sure of the gayest time possible if she has good introductions. The most superb "Lieutenant" would not dream of letting her sit still while others danced. But it is far otherwise with the young German or Frenchwoman in London. It requires an avalanche to make the average Briton move in the direction of what he calls "a foreigner," still more to ask her to dance. He has dreadful apprehensions that he will be required to speak those modern tongues which he acquired so painfully at Eton or Harrow, and, moreover, he has nothing to say to a young person from Paris or Vienna.

Frenchwomen, it appears, consider egotism to be man's chief failing, if

we may believe the statistics on this subject published by an enterprising contemporary, *Femina*. I do not think any considerable number of Englishwomen would have given the same answer with regard to the faults of their men-folk. And this not because Englishmen are less egotistic than Frenchmen, but because egotism is an intellectual vice, and the practical Briton is more apt to pay attention to material facts and physical failings. The erring Gaul, it seems, has infidelity and jealousy to his account after the failing of self-love, and these are the three chief faults of which his womankind complains. Intemperance, cowardice, temper, stupidity, and idleness are all mentioned; but the last failing in their menfolk is much the fault of Frenchwomen themselves, who—at any rate in the lower classes and the *bourgeoisie*—have always worked so hard, particularly in business, as to leave their husbands too much leisure for dominoes and drinks.



PRETTIER THAN PETER PAN COLLARS FOR MEN: THE PIERROT RUFFLE, AND OTHER COLLARETTES.

Accessories of lace and lingerie near the face are very much worn just now. The materials used are embroidered linen and laces such as Venice, Bruges, Mechlin, and Valenciennes. Ruffles of black-and-white tulle have the advantage of being both becoming and inexpensive. Pierrot ruffles are rather full this year, consisting of three or four flounces, and sometimes they are very long, forming a sort of cape. Ingenious women can vary these additions to their dress in many ways, and thus give an elegant and finishing touch to their toilet.—[Photographs by Reutlinger, Meurise, and Robbe.]

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on July 10.

THE OCEANA CONSOLIDATED.

THIS Company has passed through many vicissitudes since its birth in 1896. It was formed as an amalgamation of three concerns, of which the most important was the old Oceana Company, and its principal object was the financing of mining enterprises. By degrees the Company changed the centre of gravity of its operations, drifting more and more from South to West Africa, and it is now largely interested in the Abosso Gold Mining Company and the Taquah Mining and Exploration Company, so that there is promise of good results in the near future. The new issue of shares has not given the present shareholders any bonus, as the issue price leaves no profit; but the best-informed people in the market suggest that the price of old shares has been kept flat to enable some Continental groups to get big allotments of shares which remain untaken, and a rise to eleven or twelve shillings at an early date would not surprise us.

It is not generally known, but is nevertheless a fact, that the drift of the Oceana Board's policy of late has been to widen the scope of the Company's operations, and make it less exclusively devoted to mining enterprises. Already the controlling interest in the Piccadilly Hotel is in the hands of the Oceana Company, and at the price at which it was acquired should prove a very profitable investment; while, in the circular offering the new shares, a very strong hint of further financial business in conjunction with other international groups is thrown out.

Oceana shares seem to us at any rate worth locking up, and may even be good for a quick turn.

CUBA.

The receipts of the United Railways of Havana during the last week or two have not shown the large increases to which the market was getting accustomed, and it is a little doubtful whether the expected increase of £200,000 will be attained by July 1. The outlook, however, is very favourable in spite of the negro rising, and we do not think holders need be alarmed on this account. If, as seems likely, the whole thing settles down, well and good; if it doesn't, then the United States Government will have something to say. Sooner or later it seems certain that they will establish a control of some sort over the Island, and when that occurs Cuban Rails will take a jump.

ODDS AND ENDS.

We have often recommended a purchase of Rio Trams, and the price was hoisted to 150 last week. This figure would seem to discount the future to a large extent, but it must not be forgotten that something like 10 per cent. is being earned on the capital, and the shares are still a strong tip in a quarter that is usually well informed upon the doings of Companies operating in that part of the world.

Varying statements have been issued of late in the daily Press concerning the progress of the £60,000,000 loan to the Chinese Republic. We understand that negotiations are proceeding in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and are nearing completion. Probably somewhere about ten or twelve millions will be placed in London upon terms which will afford a return of something under 5 per cent.

P. and O. Deferred stock has again been a strong feature. With regard to the statement issued ten days ago by the directors, it may be noted that the clause in the Charter to which reference is made, and which prohibits a foreigner acquiring control of the Company's business, is just the sort of clause through which the proverbial coach-and-four can be driven. The market undoubtedly still believes that there is something up, and, as we have stated before, we hold the same opinion.

We have always held a high opinion of the Duff Development Debentures, and at the meeting on Friday, the Chairman made a very satisfactory statement with regard to the way the recently arranged payment of £300,000 is to be utilised. It is suggested that £250,000, which should properly be set aside to redeem these Debentures, should, by arrangement, be utilised for the purposes of the business. In return, certain concessions are to be made to the Debenture-holders, including the separation of the options from the Debentures, and the payment of a cash bonus of 5 per cent.

The preliminary statement of the Camp Bird directors for the fourteen months ending the 30th inst. must be considered quite satisfactory. The total available, including dividends from the Santa Gertrude's Mine, is estimated at £387,000, and the dividend is maintained at 20 per cent., while the carry-forward increased from

£39,800 to £66,000. The latest advices from the Santa Gertrude's property are entirely satisfactory. The yield is over 13 per cent. at the current price of 29s., and we think they should stand four or five shillings higher.

As we anticipated and stated two or three months ago in these columns, copper has gone to £80 a ton, and the market outlook is still good.

Copper shares have responded all along the line to the rise in the price of the metal. There seems more danger of an undue inflation in price than of any serious set-back.

We hear that a new weekly financial paper is to be issued shortly. The price is to be 1s., and its main feature will be the refusal to insert any financial advertisements. This is quite a new departure in journalism, to which we wish every success.

Bears of Consols had a fright when they read in the *Times* of the 20th that Mr. Lloyd George was going to use a large part of his surplus in buying stock. Before these lines are in our readers' hands some official announcement is to be made.

The settlement of the Nicaraguan debt is a satisfactory arrangement, and if the appointment of the American Collector of Customs is completed, will probably restore the Bonds to a higher level of prices.

The whole tendency of the times is for the United States to look after the Central American States, and with the Panama Canal in working order, this tendency will increase. There are still some bargains to be picked up for those willing to wait.

The figures in the Beira Railway accounts just published are very encouraging. For the year ending September 30, 1911, the net revenue was £177,506, while to pay fixed charges only requires £84,672, including sinking fund for the First Debentures. The Income Bonds seem pretty safe for years to come.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

One drops into the habit of leading off any Stock Exchange stuff with remarks about Consols, although for a long time past the Consol Market has been less the nerve-centre of the world's finance than the place where it is easiest to put money on horses during the racing season. The limit of seventy-five which *The Sketch* estimated as the probable price to which Consols would drop is perilously near, and the Government buying, heavy though it is, does not avail to counteract the blocks of stock that overhang the market on behalf of deceased holders of big sums. A famous London draper sold his business some years ago for £180,000, and put every penny of the money into Consols. He has since died, and his executors have no intention of keeping the fortune in Consols, which they are realising gradually as they get the opportunity. This is only one case out of many which have occurred lately, and it is quite sufficient to explain the drop, without going into such reasons as the Plural Voting Bill and other political considerations. A good many of us are thoroughly sick to death of politics, as being a dirty game, played without much regard to patriotism, truthfulness, or honour.

Don't overlook the way in which the Yankee Market is behaving. Without any trade afoot, and with the American public absorbed in the literally "screaming" farce of elections, Yankee prices keep very strong, and each setback is succeeded by further rallies. This course of movements seems to point pretty plainly to a general revival of the market when the political ferment subsides. We shall see a boom in Americans, an I mistake not, before many months are past, although until the result of the Presidential Election is announced next November, it won't do to put too much faith in prices if you're merely punting in the shares. I mean, it is well not to be too greedy over big profits.

If you haven't made money out of Rio Trams, it isn't my fault. Not that I expected to see them go whizzing up as fast as they did: a jump of over ten points in a week is rather startling. However, the fault is all on the right side. Noticeable, too, is how Mexican Northern Power shares have lately thrown off some of their flatness. They were about 28 when recommended here as a speculation some weeks ago. Since then the price has been down to 22, and now it is 28 again. Not a great amount of buying would put it up to 30, and when once that Rubicon is passed, it should be plain sailing at 40, anyway. Mind you, it's a frank gamble, and you can't play with fire without risking burnt fingers; but seeing how Mexican Light and Power have risen from 85 to 97 in less than two months, while Mexican Northern Powers have actually gone down, the latter do seem to have a pretty useful sporting chance of a spurt.

The poor old Stock Exchange Committee are being frightfully badgered and bull-baited over their fixed commission rules. Unhappily, they are very split up amongst themselves, and feeling runs high at lunch-time, as well as in the Committee Room. You would like, I feel sure, to see our Committee lunching. They get it for nothing, and well do they earn it. There is an excellent menu every day, with every kind of drinkable likely or unlikely to be required, and the cigars are irreproachable. Close by is the luncheon-room of the Stock Exchange Managers. In some undefinable way there is a distinct difference between the two rooms, and it is all in favour of the Managers. When I grow up, I'm going to be a Manager.

Reverting to the official scale of commission, finality has been by no means reached even yet. As things stand now, the charges run: 10s. to £1, threepence; £1 to £2, fourpence-halfpenny. I hope the proposal for making it threepence from 10s. to £2 will be carried, and that on all

[Continued on page 402.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Good, Bad, Indifferent.

Of these verdicts given about dress at Ascot last week the last was the one least liked. It is, however, only right to say that good dressing was in the ascendant, and that so far as clothes were concerned, it was a very pretty Ascot. The tight, straight-up-and-down style of dress was frequent among the indifferents. The bads included a few cases of almost grotesque imitation of what is now termed the tea-shop style; skirts abbreviated and tight round the knees, decolletée collars with tailor-built coats, and white or pale-hued upppered boots. They also included crude colours badly put together, and wild effects in feathers. The goods were so good that they redeemed the others: delightful lace and muslin gowns; long, graceful shot-taffetas coats; most becoming hats, some quite in old-world bonnet shape; the loveliest tints in rich ostrich-plumes; not a great display of paniers, and such as they were, the paniers rudimentary rather than pronounced; chené and moiré sunshades, as well as those of painted chiffon, and of lace and chiffon—quite a lovely show of good-looking and lovely women in becoming and charming toilets.

Great Expectations.

"The Hundred Years Ago Ball" has resulted," says Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, "in a profit for the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society of £5000." This sum is exactly half what the Shakespeare Ball made for the Shakespeare National Memorial Theatre. The affair of this year was, we were desired by the daily Press to believe, infinitely superior to anything of the kind ever done before. But by results we must judge them!

Latest in Leather.

When presents are wanted—and gifts are never any more out of fashion than kissing—something novel is required. It can be found in great variety at Finnigan's great, big handsome shop in New Bond Street. I saw there the neatest and most compact cases for men for letters, cigarettes and matches, cigars, note-books;

parts of the course or paddock. Most luxurious and convenient, too, are soft slippers in leather of all colours for motorists and travellers. We all know the joy of getting off boots or shoes that we have had on for travelling. There are also delightful little fitted motor-cases, some with a secret pocket for a few ornaments. In fact, there is an embarrassment of riches to choose from in the shape of novelties at Finnigan's.

Larger than Ever?

It was stated that the hats worn at Ascot were larger than ever. How could they be? As a matter of fact, it is not the case: hats were much more moderate in size than two years ago, and more moderate than those worn last year. There was, unfortunately, no diminution of the display of ospreys. I say unfortunately, because pretty, light, and fantastic as this hat-trimming is, it is recommended principally because of its cost, and that, to my mind, is a vulgar idea, which in these days has gained too much importance. There are lots of other hat-trimmings quite as pretty, but they are not scarce; neither does the wearing of them entail cruelty, nor have they had much gratuitous advertisement as being of great price. Personally, I always look for a hard face beneath an ospreyed hat, and usually I find it! The beauty of many of the most beautiful hats worn at the great dress show was due to the lovely, delicately tinted, long-fronded, soft, light, foamy-looking ostrich-plumes. Some were French grey, tipped at the edges with Wedgwood blue. Many were amber-hued, shaded to apricot at the tips. Others were green shaded to gold, or sulphur colour tipped with rose. They were most decorative, very rich, and extremely becoming. Beads of amber, of lapis-lazuli, of coral, and of jade were seen on some of the hats. These had a heavy look which should be absent from successful millinery. Many of the chapeaux were high in the crown, and most of them had upstanding plumes; in size, however, they were much more moderate than they have been. Fortunately so, for space was precious.

Owing to the demand from all over England for tickets for the Ambassadors' Costume Ball, special trains will run to Addison Road (adjoining Olympia) to arrive at 10 p.m. on July 3, and to leave,

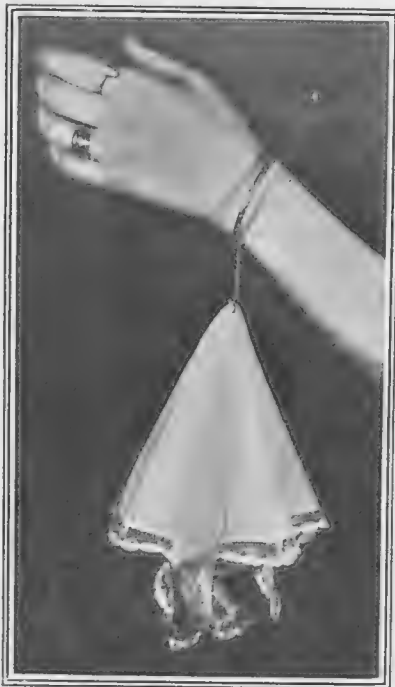


IN THE COSTUME TO BE WORN BY THE FLOWER-SELLERS ON ALEXANDRA DAY: MRS. ALGER NON FOLEY.

Mrs. Algernon Foley has taken a leading part in arranging for the sale of flowers in the City on Alexandra Day. The sellers are to be dressed in white, and wear the flowers of the day—wild roses. Each will have a basket and a collecting-box, and will obtain supplies and deliver the takings at a depot in her district.

Photograph by G.P.U.

also letter-cases with banknote pockets. These were in Vandyke leather—a beautiful soft brown, with a velvet surface. They had flexible gold or silver-gilt borders and corners. The same things were attainable in Landseer-grey—another lovely colour. A long and most convenient bag for a woman has a strong band across to be grasped in the hand, the long, envelope-shaped bag being thus securely attached to the back thereof. These bags are in moiré, with flexible gold borders and small, neat gold monograms. They are most attractive, and would hold purse, handkerchief, gloves, and little vanity case. There are large bags for race-goers on the same principle, provided also with cords to sling over the arms, the hand band being for use in crowded



THE PROBLEM OF THE LADY'S HANDKERCHIEF: A GERMAN SOLUTION.

What is the best way for a fashionable woman to carry her handkerchief has always been a problem. A German plan is to attach it to a bracelet by means of a thin gold chain.

Photograph by Fleet.



TO BE WORN AT THE VENETIAN BAL MASQUÉ AT "SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND": A HAT AND DOMINO REPRODUCED FROM THE PAINTINGS OF PIETRO LONGHI.

The Venetian Bal Masqué is to take place in the Empress Hall at "Shakespeare's England" on the 27th. Both men and women will wear a silken domino and three-cornered hat, together with a mask. The domino, hat, and mask are exact reproductions from the paintings of Pietro Longhi.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



TROPHIES AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CUPS.

From left to right the trophies are (1) The "Daily Mail" Gold Cup for jumping (round the course). (2) The Fire Brigade Cup. (3) The Corinthian Cup for coaching (4th prize). (4) The Corinthian Cup (2nd prize). (5) The Philadelphia Cup. All these handsome trophies are the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908) Ltd., of 158-162, Oxford Street, W.

with breakfast-cars, about 4 next morning. Thus people from such places as Birmingham, Bristol, Portsmouth, Brighton, Croydon, Windsor, Oxford, etc., will be able to be present. The centre of the vast hall will have a parquet flooring resting on springs, and will be the largest ball-room floor ever laid, covering two acres. Nearly 500 private boxes will be erected. The ball is under the patronage of the Embassies and Legations for the benefit of English Theatrical Charities. As every Embassy will be represented, costumes will be worn of each nationality. The offices are at 43, Aldwych (Telephone Gerrard 760), to which all inquiries and applications for tickets should be addressed. It is essential to wear fancy dress.

Continued from page 400.]

railway stocks below a certain figure—say £25—the commission will be fixed as on shares. These would be useful modifications, and, being settled, let us for goodness' sake give the whole thing a fair run for three or four months, and see how it works. By then we shall all have a clearer notion than we have now as to the real value of what is admittedly an experiment: the heat and fury of the discussion will have died out, and we shall be able to talk matters over in a friendly and sensible way. A general Round Table Conference might be called of fair-minded and impartial men, representative of the various interests round the House, and a really businesslike effort made to profit by the experience gained over the period of trial. We are doing ourselves no good by importing elements of Party politics into our domestic legislation, so the sooner we drop that sort of thing the better for all of us.

With commendable enterprise, the seven firms comprising the Mincing Lane Rubber Brokers' Association sent out thousands of circulars to their clients and to members of the House, setting out their rates of commission, as compared with those of the Stock Exchange, and pointing out that there being no jobbers in the Lane, the buyer and seller could come together without having to pay anything in the shape of a jobber's turn. I'm afraid that in the Stock Exchange we did not treat this fine display of energy with the seriousness due to the seven firms making it. When Mincing Lane gets to understand the true inwardness of what a "market" is, as opposed to mere negotiation between buyer and seller, then we shall begin to tremble in our boots. For ease and facility of dealing, you are obliged to have a real "market," where there are men prepared to run a book, to take risks, to cut losses as well as pocket profits, to make prices in ignorance of the customer being buyer or seller. And business—you can't get away from this—will go to the best and the freest market. Offer any inducement you choose—low commission or none at all, jobber-elimination, gratuitous transfer-stamps, and although a certain number of orders will be diverted at first, back they will come to the true market, wherever that happens to be. My friends in Mincing Lane would, no doubt, fling the finger of scorn in my direction were this so humble statement of elementary economics brought to their sevenfold notice, but what I have said must appeal as sound sense even to the country broker, who has been flirting with Mincing Lane, under the guileless impression that by so doing he will save his clients' money every time they deal.

For further information, please apply to any authorised or unauthorised bureau, agent-de-change, police-station, or bear-garden, but don't worry

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

Saturday, June 22, 1912.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

H. B.—The Rubber Company has been a great disappointment, and the production is quite a year behind prospectus estimates. The Company

has issued 7 per cent. Debentures which are also entitled to one-half the net profits, so that the shares do not look promising.

H. C. H.—We hope the Oil Manual has safely reached you.

AFRICAN READER.—We have made inquiries and are not by any means favourably impressed by the Company's prospects.

H. T. D.—We have sent you the publisher's address.

MACAW.—The International is not a bad Company, and, in good hands, you might hold. The Kamna Company we do not like, as none of the German East Africans have proved great successes; there are labour difficulties and other troubles. The other Rubber Company is a good concern. As to all these, the question of holding or selling depends on your estimate of the future market for raw rubber. As to the Oil Company, it is a pure gamble, no oil having been struck on the property yet.

T. J.—Nobody knows anything of the Company here. Had you not better apply to the people who sold the share to you?

G. E.—As to your Companies, most of them are long shots: (a) No substantial production till 1915; (b) See no prospect of dividend till 1915; (c) A fair prospect; (d) Same group and a better Company; (e) Not to our taste; (f) This Company has at last got oil, and the outlook is promising; (g) We would rather not give an opinion; (h) British Burmah Petroleum or Maikop Victory.

PIT PAT.—No reports are published, so that it is very difficult to give advice. From the people connected with the Company, we should think the shares a fairly safe investment.

SENGA.—None of the Companies are suitable holdings for "a very poor woman." The mines are speculative—very much so. The Rubber Company is a good one, but the future price of rubber is open to doubt. You had better hold on and get out of the mines whenever you can do so without too great loss.

CENTRAL CARPATHIAN OIL COMPANY.

An extraordinary general meeting of the Central Carpathian Oil Company (Limited) unanimously carried a resolution last week for the sale of the Company's holding of shares in the Carpathian Petroleum Gesellschaft to the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Company (Limited). The meeting authorised the directors to enter into an agreement with the Premier Company to sell the shares mentioned for £500,000, payable in fully paid Ordinary shares of £1 in the Premier Company. "The object of the directors was," said Mr. E. T. Boxall, who presided at the extraordinary general meeting, "to form such a strong amalgamation including producing wells, undeveloped lands, piping, storage, and reservoirs as would make the Central Company independent of almost any combination of adverse circumstances. The arrangement," Mr. Boxall also said, "amounted to a unique opportunity, offering enormous possibilities of development in the future, in conjunction with the various interests to be acquired by the proposed amalgamation."



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"Havana" Coalport Coffee Set. Size of Tray 15 in. by 10½ in. Solid Silver, £16 16 0 Best Plate, £7 10 8



Cut Glass Smelling Salts Bottle with enamelled top. £4 12 6

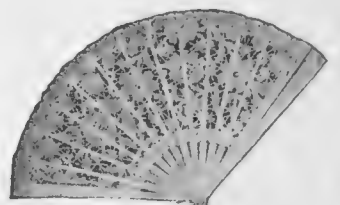


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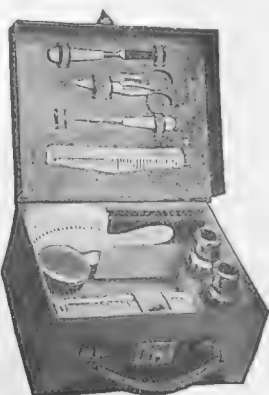
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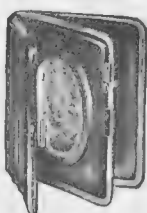
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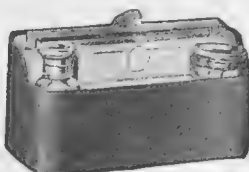
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Lady's Motor Dressing Case. Polished Morocco—silver gilt bottle tops, Ivory brushes. £4 15 0



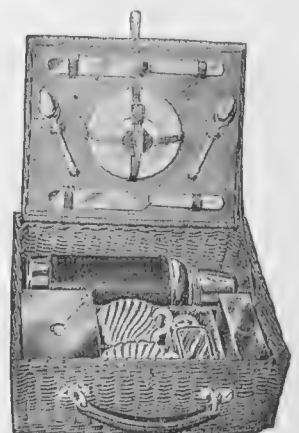
Cigarette Case. 18 ct. Gold, £32 10 0 9 ct. Gold, £16 16 0



Mahogany Motor Companion. Silver tops, £4 17 6



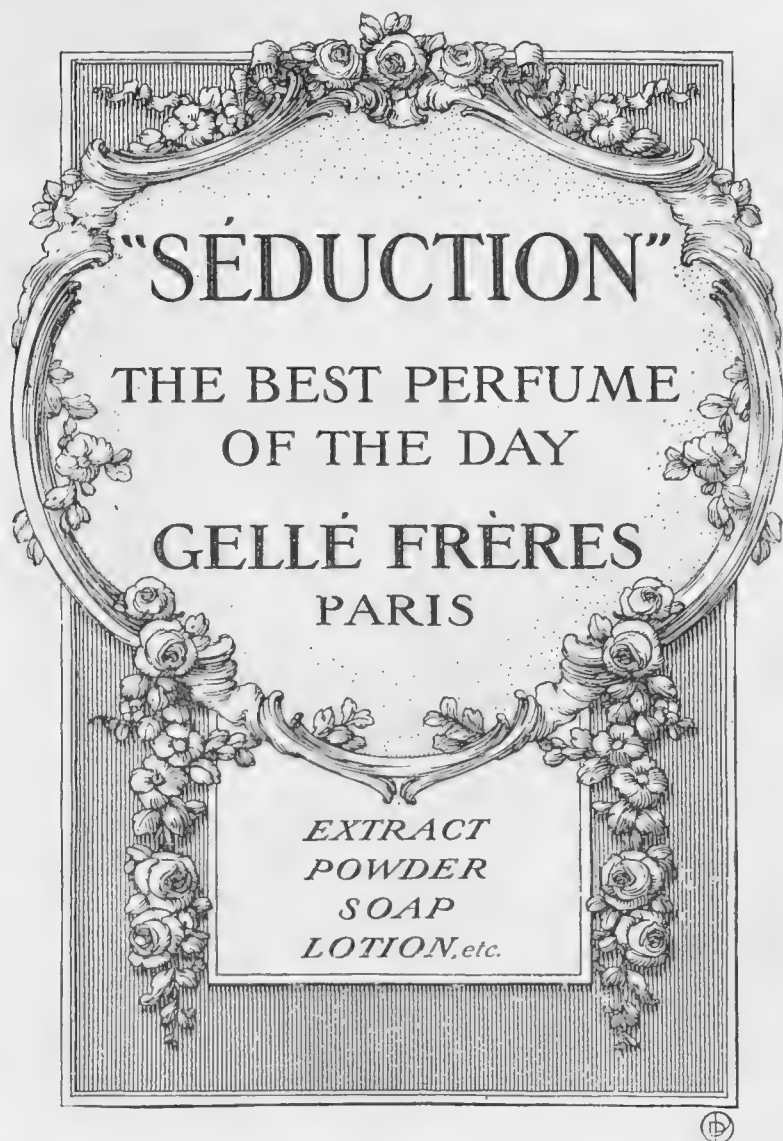
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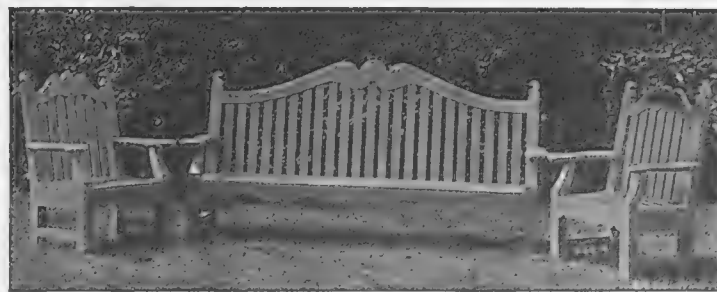


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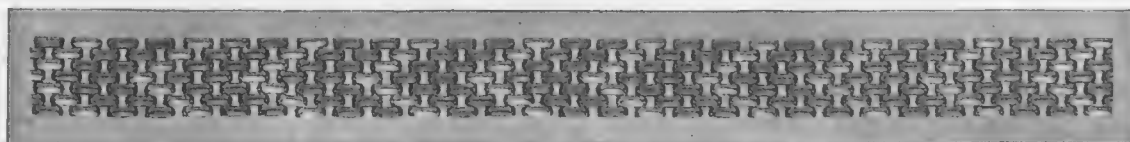
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SELECTIONS ON
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View from door of Southern Hotel, Parknasilla.

Photo. Lawrence, Dublin.

Parknasilla on the Sea Coast near Killarney.

Parknasilla nestles in a sheltered and secluded spot in a land of arbutus and myrtle on the wild and beautiful Atlantic Coast, near Killarney. It is the most charming place in Ireland, the variety of the landscape in the district being unrivalled. The tender grace of wood and water is set in a framework of hills; the green turf extends to the edge of an incomparable coast line crowded with picturesque islands and inlets.

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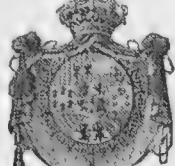
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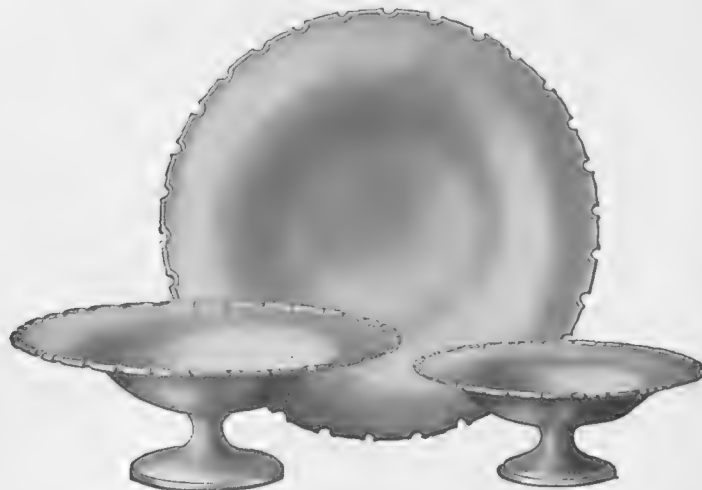
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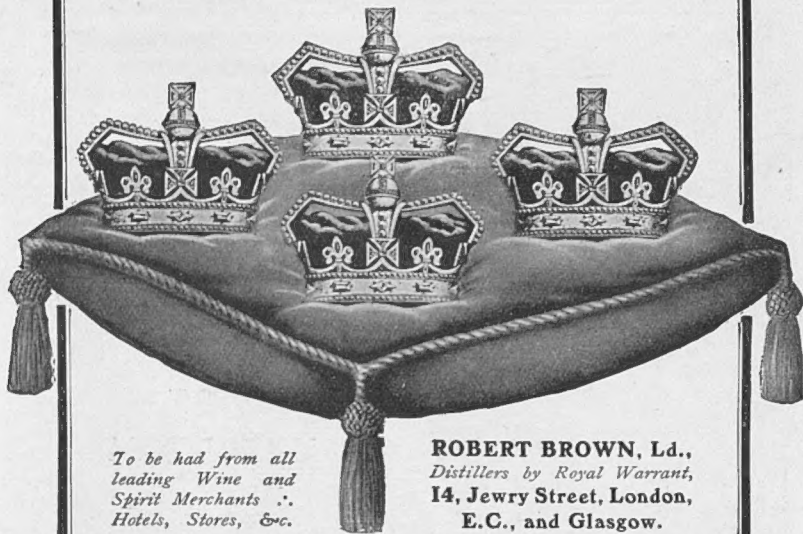
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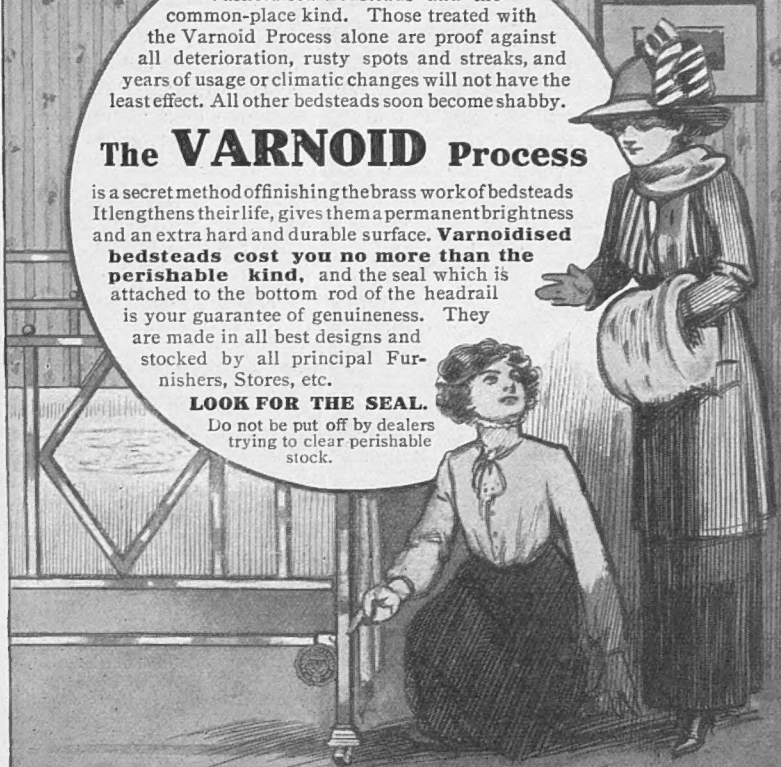
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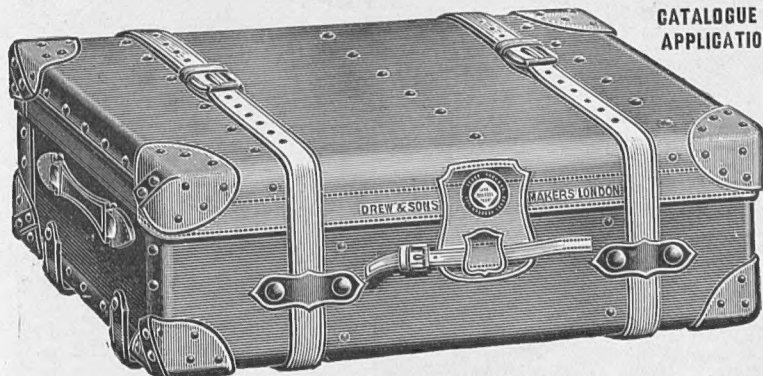
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1st PRIZE, 2nd PRIZE, 3rd PRIZE,
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Each model must display in a prominent position a tablet, or box of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, and the proprietors reserve to themselves the right of purchasing any photographs for the purposes of reproduction. It should be understood that no importance will be attached to the quality of the actual photograph—it is the work on the sands which will count.

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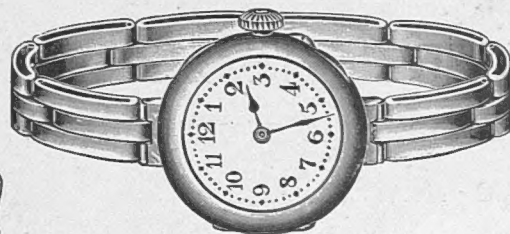
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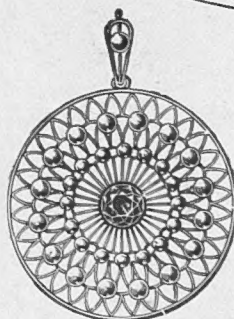
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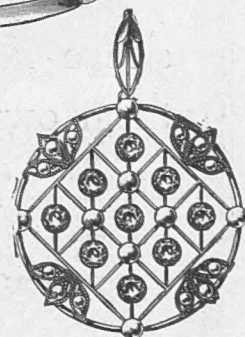
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

(Continued.)

Is it the Knell of the Gear-Box?

Time and again the mind of the inventor has been turned in all seriousness to the production of a substitute for the makeshift, but nevertheless fairly satisfactory, change-speed gear-box, but up to the present, though devices many and most ingenious have been evolved, nothing so simple, so serviceable, and, strange to say, so efficient as the gear-box has resulted from so much thought and consideration. But if all one hears is correct, we may really be on the eve of a great departure, particularly for the heavier forms of self-propelled traffic, by means of a most interesting method of hydraulic propulsion, the invention of Professor Hele-Shaw, who, so far as automobile inventions go, has already the well-known Hele-Shaw multi-disc clutch to his credit. It is true that there have been hydraulic propulsions and hydraulic propulsions, but each and every one of these has gone down by reason of some shortcoming or other. The Hele-Shaw system has been in hard test for over 4000 miles on a three-ton motor-wagon, and has performed most successfully throughout. I am confidently assured that the efficiency obtained at the road-wheels is much higher than with any other form of propulsion, and that there is no heating, no loss from leakage, and no erosion.

An Aeroplane-Owner.

There is money in flying, at least for some people, and a big premium is evidently set upon the value of the services of a leading expert. Else Mr. H. Barlow, the generous donor of the cash prizes in connection with the Aerial Derby, would hardly have paid £1000 to the Grahame-White Aviation Company for the release of that most expert and courageous aviator, Mr. B. C. Hucks, from his engagement to them. It is to the adhesion of such enthusiasts as Mr. Barlow that aviation must look for advancement in this country, for what is done for progress elsewhere by Governments out of the national purse is invariably left to the private individual on this side of the Channel. And even then he gets precious little recognition of his services to his country from either the public or the authorities. It would appear that Mr. Barlow is taking up aviation with enthusiasm, for according to our interesting contemporary, *Flight*, he has become the possessor of Grahame-White's 70-h.p. two-seated Nieuport and the 50-h.p. Gnome "Baby." Also a new two-seated Blériot has been ordered in Paris. Mr. Barlow will go down to posterity as one of the first great "aeroplane-owners."

Road-Hogging.

I notice that attention is drawn in a motor contemporary to what they suggest appears to be bad driving on the roads. I should like to say out of my own

experience that what is described as bad driving is not only bad, but selfish and dangerous. Our contemporary refers to the reprehensible and perilous manner in which some drivers hold persistently to the crown and centre of the road when approaching another car, and never offer to take their own proper side and give fairway to the other vehicle, unless absolutely forced by the evident determination of the driver to have his own. Now, it requires more than an average amount of nerve to do this, and if one gives way at the last moment and takes the gutter, the smile of complacency on the features of the passing selfish driver is more than irritating. The questions asked are: Is the approaching man slower to realise the need for swinging over; or does he consider that the meeting car is clear enough; or is he, after all, merely a road-hog? So it is put by the *Motor*, and I am inclined to agree with the last suggestion. In nine cases out of ten, I believe it is done out of sheer piggishness, for in the majority of cases in which it happens a liveried driver is at the wheel. In this assertion I do not condemn the paid driver as a class. Generally, he drives with full consideration.

The ladies are to hold their "First Aviation Meeting" at the London Aerodrome on Saturday, July 6, the meeting taking place under the patronage of the "Women's Aerial League." There should be plenty to see, and some exciting displays are likely to be the result; among them races with women pilots and a cross-country flight with men pilots carrying lady passengers. The lady pilot who first carries a lady-passenger twice round the aerodrome without alighting will receive a special prize. Among those who have lately joined the Committee are Mrs. Assheton Harbord, Lady Shelley and Lady Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Iltid Nicholl, Mrs. Bruce Williams, and Miss Trehawke Davies. All interested in British aviation are invited to offer cups or trophies or cash prizes, which will be acknowledged through the Press. The Hon. Secretary of the League, whose address is Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, will gladly give any information required.

At the Star Matinée at Earl's Court, on Thursday afternoon, 27th instant, under the auspices of the British Empire Shakespeare Society, in addition to Sir George Alexander and Miss Ellen Terry in scenes from "Hamlet" and Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh in scenes from "The Taming of the Shrew," the casts include Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Viva Birkett, Miss Esmé Beringer, Miss Margaret Halstan, Mr. Arthur Wontner, and many other well-known actors. Sir Herbert Tree will speak after the matinée. In the evening, at the Venetian Bal Masqué in the Empress Hall, the revels will include a special ballet, in which the principal dancer will be Mme. Ariane Hugon, whose dances recently created a sensation in Parisian art circles.

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B.S.A. SWEETNESS AND SILENCE. The qualities of sweetness and silence are possessed by a car on which I enjoyed an interesting trial run a short time ago, and the moderate price of which brings it within the means of many more people than the leviathan whose hill-climbing feat is chronicled on a previous page. I mean the one-type car now made by the Birmingham Small Arms Company, of Sparkbrook, Birmingham, which is akin to the big car already referred to, inasmuch as it is fitted with a four-cylinder sleeve-valve Knight-Daimler engine. It is offered at a price which withstands much foreign competition, while the guarantee of the great engineering firm responsible for its production should always sway the purchaser to the home-grown product. Moreover it is, by reason of its quiet running, its wonderful handiness, its lightness, a car *par excellence* for the man of moderate means; for quietude of running, easy steering, and lightness mean tyre economy all the time. In cutting down weight, the designers have caused the lightened parts to be formed from much higher grades of steel than those generally used in motor-car construction. Let would-be purchasers rise superior to the glamour of cheap foreign productions, and, turning their eyes homewards, realise the qualities and worth of the B.S.A.

The above paragraph is from the motor pages of "The Sketch," of June 19. If you are interested, write for catalogues.

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